REVIVING THE GREAT LAKES, by John R. Sheaffer

Saturday Review

November 7, 1970/50¢

Ben Shahn, Photographer

by Margaret R. Weis

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November 7, 1970

Saturday Review

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Ben Shahn, Photographer

by Margaret R. Weiss

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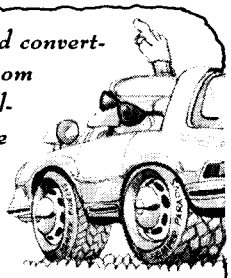
He drives a red convertible. His bedroom has yellow wallpaper. He's the HIGH-BID* *champ of the neighborhood. Should he pay cash for the 200-year-old cigar box he found at the auction?*



She wears a pigskin coat. She manufactures bowling balls. She plays THINKING MAN'S GOLF* *What are her odds for landing a pro quarterback?*

He is fascinated with horoscope readings. He likes chocolate ice cream in his grasshoppers. He's always the winner at STOCKS & BONDS* *Will his wife really fire him from her corporation?*

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Wait, Mr. Armour, Wait!

JUST THE OTHER week in this space Richard Armour said that he had looked up the frequency of the name West in his local telephone book (and in *Who's Who*) and was thinking of changing his name to West. His phone book, he said, covers an area of about 150,000 people. I'm a little tired of my name, too, and so I started rummaging around in my local directory, which serves about two million people on Manhattan Island, and I'd like to share

with Mr. Armour in the event that he hasn't yet rushed off to the courthouse. I beseech you to remember that all the names that follow are people's names and all do come from the Manhattan phone book, truly, truly.

I started with the Smiths to warm up and counted 3,875. Jones, 2,000; Rodriguez, 1,600; Miller and Johnson, about 2,500 apiece. Diaz, 1,300. Enough warm-up.

Young, 1,100; Old, 1.

High, 18; Low, 130.

Cohen, 2,875.

No days of the week except Friday (5).

Yankee, 1.

Jeff Davis, 3.

Ng, 263, including Chick Ng and Wing Ng. And Y Ng.

Yale, 4—Columbia, 1.

Harvard, 1—Princeton, 0.

Cambridge, 3—Oxford, 1.

Eng, 282, including Moon, Goon, and Kelly Eng (2).

July, 2; January, 2; October, 1; November, 11.

Good, 39; Better, 3; Best, 62.

Richman, 122; Poorman, 1; Beggarstaff, 1; Thie, 1; Doctor, 13; Lawyer, 8; Fireman, 8; Chieffo, 5.

Mata, 10; Hari, 1; Spies, 7.

Mary, 2; Hadda, 2; Little, 204; Lamb, 82.

Rockefeller, 19; Goldberg, 925.

Napoleon, 4; Gandhi, 2; George Washington, 10.

Paradise, 1. Heaven, 1. Eden, 21.

Pepper, 37. Salt, 7. Sugar, 15. Spice, 1. Salad, 1.

Ho Chee Kin, 1; Goering, 2; Goebels, 1; Mao, 7.

Faith, 2; Hope, 27; Charity, 4.

After all that counting (Tito, 5; Nixon, 58), one of my eyes fell out. As a matter of fact, I've decided to change my name to Armour (15). Oh, by the bye. Hawk, 2; Dove, 15. And that's just in Manhattan. (Ypsilanti, 1.)

—HENRY MORGAN.

"Joe Hill" Revisited

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night,
Alive as you and me.
He wore a hard hat on his head
And voted GOP.

Says I, "Why, Joe. What's happened, friend?
Have you turned right, old pal?"
Says Joe, "The years can change a man.
Here, have a flag decal."

He socked a hippie on the head
And cheered for Spiro A.
Says Joe, "I'd like things even more
If Buckley had his way."

Says I, "So long, Joe." Then I turned
And brushed away the tears.
I'd like to see Joe Hill again,
But not for thirty years.

—ARNOLD M. AUERBACH.

Lost Time

READING FRANK LITTLER'S recent piece in PHOENIX NEST about the International Date Line reminds me, once again, of the fact that some 30,000 of us Americans are in a very peculiar fix. The most important day of this century simply never existed for us.

As a member of the Twenty-seventh Infantry Division, United States Army, I sailed from Pearl Harbor in a convoy bound for Saipan on May 31, 1944. We had been at sea for five days when, at approximately 11 p.m. on June 5, 1944, a bos'n's whistle and the inevitable "Now hear this" came over our ship's loudspeaker system. A voice announced that we were approaching the International Date Line and that we would cross it in approximately one hour. Therefore, there would be no June 6th. We would pass immediately from June 5th to June 7th.

At the time this announcement was made, none of us paid much attention to it, but when we got up in the morning the ship's bulletin told us that Allied troops had landed on the Normandy beaches. D-Day was June 6th. It wasn't long before some wag passed the word around. June 6th didn't exist.

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THE TYPEWRITER THAT BEAT THE ORINOCO RIVER.

In the dark heart of Venezuela flows a river of heavy green water. The Orinoco. On either bank, the jungle chokes on its own growth...plants soaking in the sun by day, sweating it out by night.

This steamy, uncomfortable, exotic place is the business address of missionary Nancy Dillin. As she works, she keeps notes and records for the outside world, typing them all up on her Hermes 3000.

Like Nancy, the Hermes is indomitable. Engineered in snowy Switzerland, it can equally stand up to the heat of the tropics...and to the eternal jungle humidity that saturates clothes, blankets, bones, metals.

The only permanent highway through that rampant vegetation is the river. So Nancy and her Hermes travel from village to village by boat. Up to a couple of years ago, the boat they were using was somewhat old—had grown old, in fact, in missionary service. One day, right in mid-stream, the worn timbers gave way and the boat began to sink fast. There was just enough time to save the passengers, but Nancy's Hermes went down to the bottom.

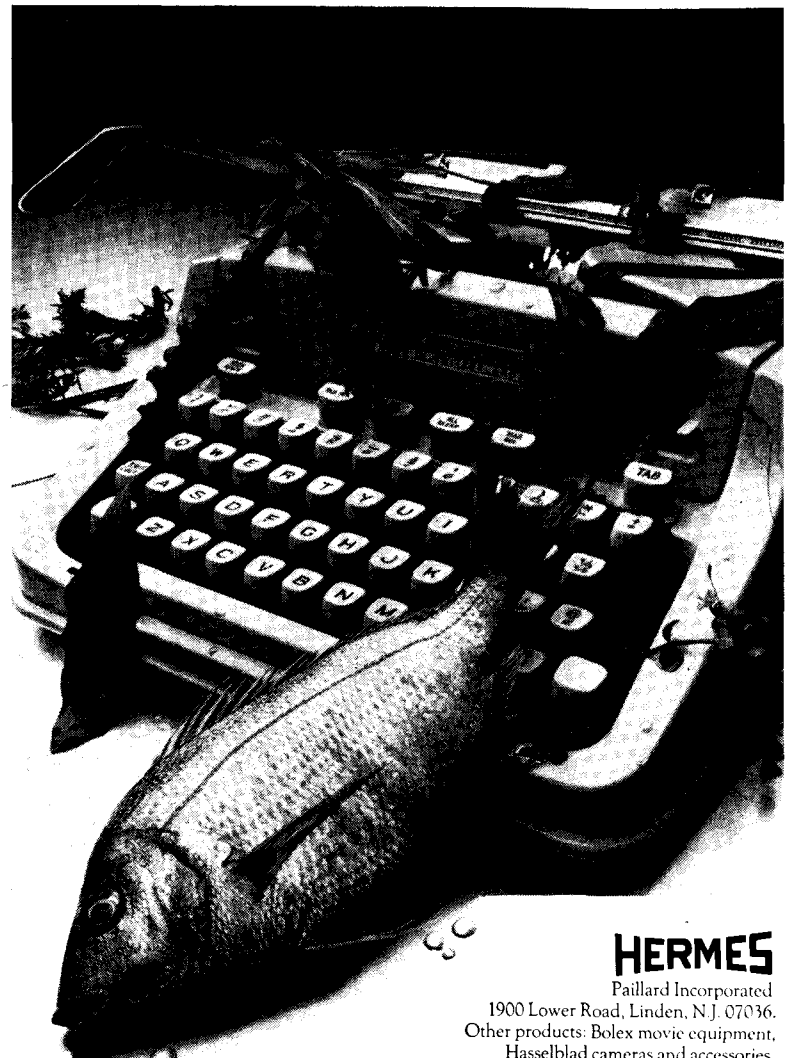
Now the Orinoco is deep, murky and dangerous, so Nancy gave her typewriter up for lost. It lay on the river bed for almost three months and then by a freakish piece of luck it was fished out. One look at the poor muddy, weedy thing and Nancy felt like throwing it right back. Still, she gave it a chance. She cleaned the river out of it and dried it in the sun and dabbed on a bit of oil. And to her perpetual astonishment, it thunked away as good as ever.

Nancy paid $129.50 for her Hermes 3000. Admittedly, it is the most expensive manual portable in the world. But when service is unobtainable and replacements take over a year, it's an investment that certainly pays off.

And consider: if it can do so well in a primeval jungle, in civilization it should last you a lifetime.

For the name of your nearest Hermes dealer, check the Yellow Pages or write to address below.

If you only want to buy a typewriter once, buy a Hermes.



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It never had existed for us. How could there be a D-Day on a day that didn't exist? We kicked that problem around all the way to Saipan. I don't recall that any solution to our problem was ever found, but I've given the whole thing a good deal of thought for more than twenty-five years now. Something happened in France, that is obvious, but when did it happen? As time has passed I've decided that there is only one way to handle the whole thing. I am writing all authors of history books and urging them to correct their texts. They can set D-Day any day they want to, but they'll have to put it on some other day than June 6th. It just doesn't work out that way, and I don't honestly see any way that it will work out unless they change the date.

I think it might interest people to know that I had an even more horrible experience coming back from Saipan. We left the Marianas in the morning hours of Friday, October 13, 1944, on board a hospital plane bound for Honolulu. After a refueling stop at Kwajalein, we faced a sixteen-hour flight over an ocean filled with sharks. About eight hours out from Kwajalein, one of our engines went dead. Then we ran into a storm that tossed us around for another couple of hours. In addition to that, our radio went dead. There was always someone in the Army to point out pertinent facts and some savant reminded us, in the middle of all this, that we couldn't expect much else. After all, it was Friday the 13th. It was getting dark pretty fast (faster than usual because we were flying from west to east), and all of us aboard that plane sat there and gritted our teeth, consoled by the knowledge that Friday the 13th would soon be over and then we would be all right. I should have known better. As we raced toward midnight, the pilot came back to look over his charges, and, as he left to go back to the cockpit, he gently dropped the information that we were about to cross the International Date Line. There were various reactions. For myself, I deemed it advisable to get up and put on my Mae West. It simply isn't possible to survive two Friday the 13ths in a row. It isn't fair, either.

—EDMUND G. LOVE.

"I always maintain that anything written on two sides of a mountain could be said just as well on only one side of a mountain!"

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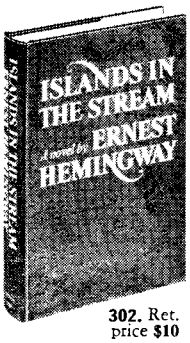

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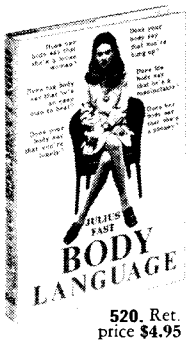

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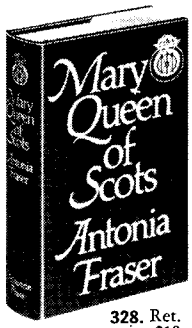

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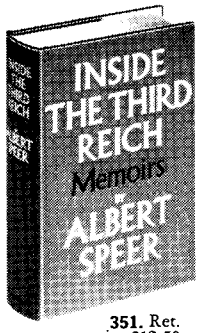

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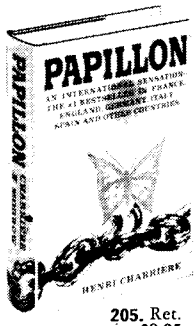

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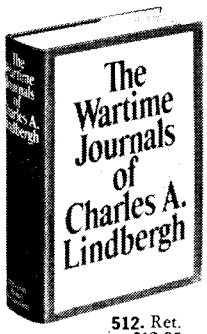

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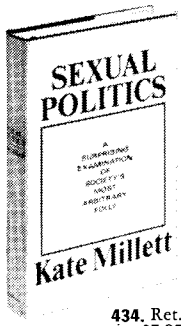

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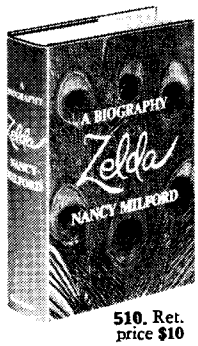

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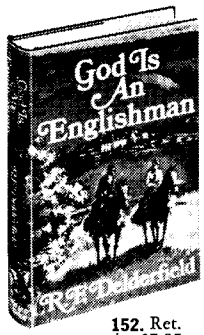

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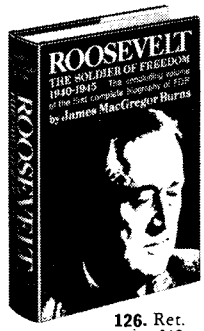

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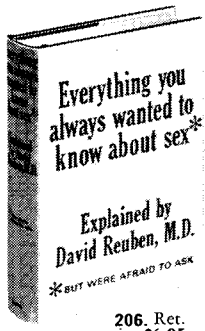

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Man of Medicine

I WAS INVITED recently to lecture in Philadelphia to the School of Pharmacy of Temple University, one of the finest and most advanced institutions for teaching the art of compounding and dispensing prescriptions.

You may think there is some incongruity in my appearance at a pharmacy school, but during the twenty years of my hypochondria, my bathroom cabinet became world-renowned as Junior Walgreen. Visiting doctors (in the old days when they used to visit) were astounded to discover in it every medicine from A to Z. From Achromycin to Zactirin, and, backwards, from Zyloprim to Amphojel.

Not being a legally registered pharmacist, I don't compound or dispense the stuff. I take it. It is an accepted fact in Manhattan that I, singlehandedly, kept more pharmacies going from 1940 to 1960 than "O. J., and English muffins lightly buttered, and draw one regular."

During those years, whenever I walked into a drugstore and handed the pharmacist a new prescription, I had the feeling he saw me as through an X-ray. Familiar with every detail of my anatomy, he could call off the number of my red and white corpuscles to the penny, knew to the dot how many specks I saw before my eyes.

We were on a first-name basis. I called the pharmacists "Doc," diminutive for Doctor, and they called me "Hypo," diminutive for "Here he comes again." The prescriptions they filled didn't help me, hypochondria being described by old Doc Webster in his *Unabridged* as a state of mind that dwells on imaginary ailments. But I did manage to break the complex and highly classified price code the Docs scribble on their bottles and boxes of patented medicines. And what I could tell you about that!

Given that background, you can now understand the awe and reverence in which I am held by the students of Temple's School of Pharmacy, which, incidentally, also houses the university's School of Dentistry. Many dentists were in the audience, and it was a pleasant diversion to talk to a dentist without a bale of cotton stuffed under my upper lip.

The fame of my intake of a multitude of medicines had preceded me; so these neophyte manipulators of the mortar and pestle listened with rapt attention to my talk, marveling at my ability to stand upright before them for one solid hour. Encouraged by several bursts of applause that interrupted the lecture, especially after every off-color story (don't be so surprised—druggists have their moments, too), I went on to offer several reforms for the druggists.

It was high time, I suggested, that the old custom of stuffing cotton into the top of a bottle of pills or capsules be eliminated. During my years of research, I had asked many druggists why the cotton. Only one had an answer, which I don't accept.

"The cotton," he said, "is for stuffing in your ears so you won't hear yourself screaming from the pain."

Another reform I suggested was a speed-up in filling a prescription. Nowadays you go to a druggist, who takes about one minute to count out a dozen pills and put them into a bottle, while you stand there in a cold sweat in the last stages of pneumonia, and the druggist takes ten or fifteen minutes to type out the label on the bottle. I realize how difficult it is to get a bottle into a typewriter, but shouldn't there be a course in pharmacy schools that includes speed-typing?

A third and sorely needed reform should be made in another, but kindred, department of a pharmacy. There is too much celery in the tuna fish salad. Celery is anathema to a diverticulum. Each time I complained about it, a druggist sold me a bottle of Pepto-Bismol.

And finally, but most important, is the disappearance of the friendly neighborhood pharmacist, who once upon a time could be depended on for on-the-spot treatment of a man in pain. I recall when you could walk into a drugstore and ask Doc to remove a speck from your eye. With quick, deft, surgical hands, he removed it.

Not anymore. Now, according to the new Hippocratic oath, he suggests you see a specialist. The last such specialist I was sent to operated under the high-priced degree of "ophthalmologist." He removed the speck, examined both eyes, and mumbled something about a seeing-eye dog. I should have suspected something when he said, "Open your eyes and say 'Ah.'"

Getting a druggist these days to give you that old personal attention is like pulling teeth. That, no doubt, is why Temple University has the pharmacists and dentists in the same building.

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

For some years before his virtual retirement from lecturing last fall, John Ciardi was one of the most popular speakers on the circuit. Recently the House Internal Security Committee (HISC) polled American colleges and compiled a report on who was traveling the college circuit and how much each man was paid. On October 14, ignoring a court order against releasing its report to the press, HISC published a list of alleged "radicals" who had earned large fees on the college lecture circuit together with the organizational affiliation that established each man's radicalism by HISC criteria. Mr. Ciardi was cited for having supported The National Committee to Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee.

I am an ironist by profession. I do have other callings. In any given hypothetical life a hypothetical child will cry from a hypothetically burning building. At that point a specific emotion must answer, and I know of no ironic way to run through the flames to rescue the child. Irony can, in fact, be a way of life. As a profession it is more nearly a mannerism, a tonality to go with what T. S. Eliot called "The face that one prepares to meet the faces that you meet."

Irony is a recognition of one's own ambiguities in the presence of situations too complex for an unmixed response. It is an adjustment to one's own seriously taken unimportance in the overwhelming mass of otherness. It is a permission granted, in some hope of urbanity and grace, to other men to take their own unimportance seriously. It is, when that permission is understood, a peacemaker. It is, above all, a denial of demagogic impulse, an assertion that a stance taken a step or two to one side of clamoring confrontation is likely to lead to a better understanding than will emerge from a belly-bumping squabble.

A man becomes an ironist, I suppose, in the act of learning to distrust the oversimplifications of sincerity raised to a shout. An ironist cannot talk to a Fascist, to a hardhat, to a haranguer of the by-God truth, to an anarchist on his way to throwing the bomb, or to any man so saved, solved, and concluded within himself that all answers are his. At any such meeting the ironist is reduced to rueful reflections on the bull ape's adaptation to technology and to the hope that the ape will somehow manage to flail out his psychic craving for an absolute assurance of his own rightness without destroying the freedom of others to live in the balance of their confusions.

As an ironist, I am not given to flag waving. I distrust the truculent assumption of flag wavers that they are more patriotic, more honorable, and more fit for grace than are those who have evolved smaller gestures. Flag wavers are like baby-kissing politicians: They may truly love children, but the act of kissing them in public and on camera is at least partly calculated for reasons that have little to do with the baby that is being kissed. I am not ready to charge them with dishonesty; I just don't want them to kiss my baby.

In soul privacy, and in an experience beyond irony, I have kissed my own babies as they came. In much the same way I have raised the flag in honest devotion, never with any inclination to prove I love it more than anyone else, to fly it higher than my neighbor flies his, or to make others admire me for flying a larger flag than theirs. What is truly love is sufficient to itself. What is constantly declamatory cannot be entirely love. I have loved my country enough to go into combat against its enemies; I have honored the good in those institutions that have best served my sense of the American ideal; and I have opposed what I understood to be public evil. I am an American. I have never assumed that I am a better American than my neighbor. I have some personal distaste for public display. When the baby is to be kissed, I know the feel of it in my arms, I know the tug of what is between us, and I prefer to kiss it in private, which is to say where we both live.

In the practice of my public irony I write for *SR*, which is to say in a magazine whose purposes I endorse and whose readers I respect. I would not willingly have any suspicion of double-dealing arise between me and my colleagues or between me and my readers. For a moment, therefore, I must abandon irony and ambiguity for a declaration of clear purposes. The House Internal Security Committee (HISC) has declared in the public press that I am a radical. A radical is one who advocates the violent overthrow of the government. I am no such thing and I never have been. I have, to be sure, affronted HISC by opposing its methods, or rather by opposing those of the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) before it, and those of the Dies Committee before that. I have, as a matter of fact, been buried in my translation of Dante's *Paradiso* and so far out of political touch that I had not realized HUAC had been superseded by HISC, though I take all three of these committees to be sequentially one, and consistently in the pattern of McCarthyism. Within that pattern, HISC's charge against me is reckless, cynical, or so seriously misinformed as to constitute an abuse of official responsibility.

It is not my habit to assert my patriotism as if I were entitled to a special grace for being a loyal American. I prefer to think of patriotism as a common quality, as much and as truly yours as mine and part of our common understanding of one another. The occasion having offered itself, however, I welcome so natural an opportunity to phrase as best I can what America means to me and what I think it should mean to those who are not merely loudly but thoughtfully patriotic. I think perhaps every man ought to examine the condition of his national faith from time to time. I am sorry I have not done so before.

I am, in some imperfectly practiced way, some sort of intellectual. An intellectual is a man capable of being thrilled by ideas.

I believe that the American experiment in democratic government is compounded of some of the most thrilling ideas ever evolved by mankind. They are not the ideas of any single man. They are part of the formed aspiration of all European thought. Men glimpsed those component ideas and fumbled for them for millennia, sometimes achieving pieces of the total concept, sometimes dying a traitor's death for having advocated some part of the idea.

For most of 2,000 years most Europeans were not citizens but subjects of a royal authority that was not only absolute but divinely decreed. As (I believe) Robert Herrick put it:

> 'Twixt kings and subjects there's this mighty odds:
> Subjects are ruled by kings, kings by the gods.

The king not only ruled but owned his subjects as creatures of his absolute whim. Bit by bit then, at a cost that the stones of the Tower of London can attest, men began to evolve a less capricious sense of their worth as human beings and a firmer sense of their right to a voice in their own destiny. The ideas of a practical democracy began to take form in the minds of men.

The forces of the American Revolu-

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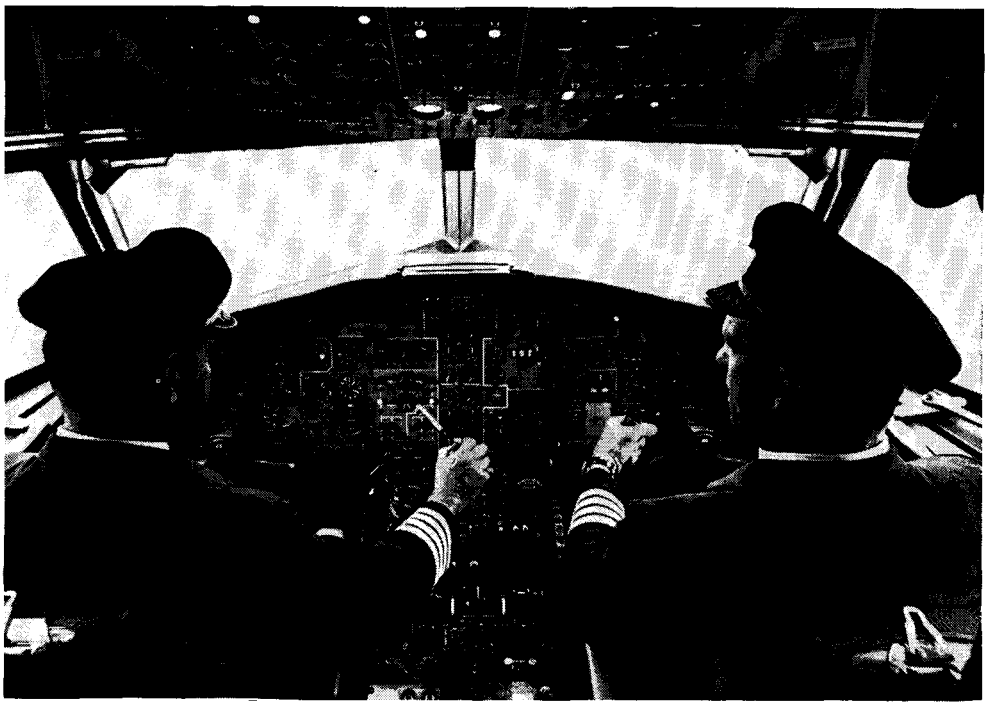

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tion synthesized those ideas into a working theory of government in which the authority of the king's whim was replaced by a machinery designed to express the popular will.

Free men were to determine their own destinies. They were to be equal under law. The law itself was forbidden inquisitorial practices: A man accused at law was to be considered innocent until proved guilty before a jury of his peers; he could not be held without being properly charged; he was entitled to trial without unreasonable delay; he could not be forced to testify against himself; no confession was to be wrung from him under torture; a man found guilty of a given charge was to be sentenced according to stated law, and cruel and unusual punishment was forbidden; a man's right to privacy was not to be invaded except by authority of a writ issued by a court for substantial reason; every man was entitled to be represented by counsel.

Every one of these ideas is an assertion of the rights of man and of the worth of a man's life. Behind every one of them, there was in the minds of our Founding Fathers a memory of royal tyranny, of night raids, of men tossed into dungeons without charges and forgotten there without redress, of men accused of "invisible" crimes and hauled before inquisitors and tortured into confessions of guilt. The American republic replaced the whims of absolute power with the dignity of government under stated law.

The men who founded the Republic understood the abuse of power—they had lived under its abuse. Carefully, therefore, they limited the powers of each branch of government by a system of checks and balances. They sought to make government responsive to the will of the people, and—once more recoiling from the memory of what had happened to those who disagreed with royal policy or who had been moved to worship outside the established church—they stipulated the right of free speech (which is to say the right of outspoken dissent under the law) and of free worship. The American Revolution was not a clash between farmers and redcoats; it was a true revolution in the minds and hopes of man.

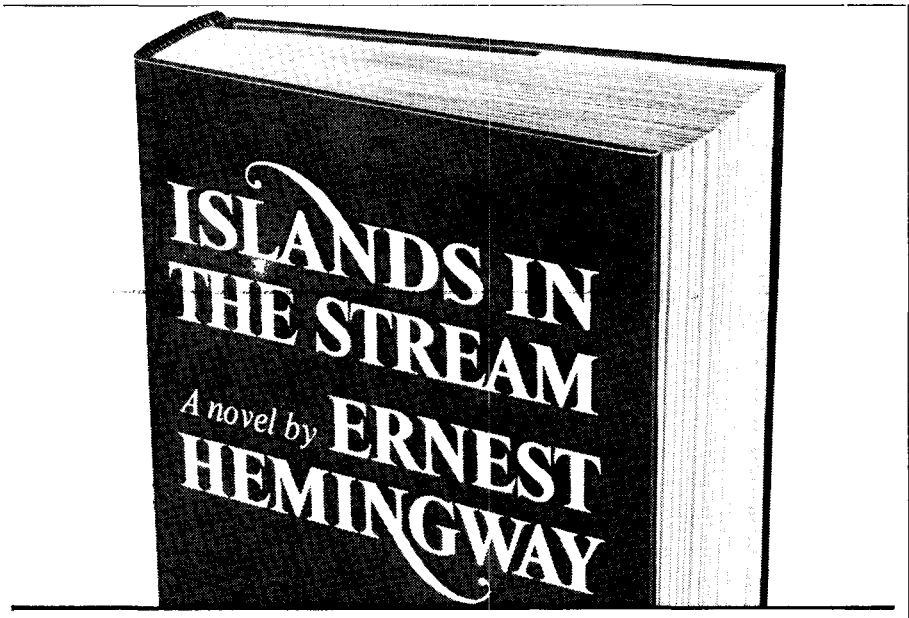
There was in the minds of the Founding Fathers an eighteenth-century idea of "a social contract." The essence of that idea was an agreement between government and the governed: The ideal government would ask of men only as much as was required for the secure and peaceful functioning of the nation. Men would give just that much and no more to the public good, and, that granted, each man was free for his own pursuit of happiness so long as it did no legal wrong to his neighbor's pursuit.

These are, of course, ideal concepts. Concept, once institutionalized, develops a bureaucracy, and bureaucracies develop not concepts but habituations and expediences. The greatness of the American founding concepts is not measured by the fact that bureaucratic practice has sometimes abused them but that they have survived every abuse by men who have been willing to sacrifice great principle for small expedience. The supreme test of the validity of these concepts is in their adaptability to change. Articulated for a small and remote nation of fishermen, subsistence farmers, and handcrafters, they remain sufficient to the needs of a huge and enormously complex industrial world power.

The American system is a political democracy with a capitalist economy. I believe that system has provided more of the good and more of the hope of life for more people than has any other governmental system known to history. There have been, and there are, inequities in the system. The system itself is larger than its inequities, and it contains within itself adequate means for reforming those institutions that give rise to inequities. To make such an assertion complacently is fatuous. To declare one's faith in the system and to work within it for the reform of objectionable institutions is to act as the Founding Fathers meant Americans to act. Every federal administration since the beginning has had to work in this way in order to meet shifting necessity.

Federal administrations, of course, have authority on their side. The private citizen has his right to petition, to dissent, and to organize for redress of grievance. He need not be right in another man's opinion. It is enough that he be convinced of his own rightness and that he seek reform through legal means. When the American mind achieves its own best level, reasoned dissent is an honorable thing. There has, alas, always been a taint of know-nothingism in American politics. I will still cling to my faith that the system, especially when charged by the personal magnetism of a great President, can triumph over the human taint in all things, at least to the extent of keeping our imperfections short of catastrophe, even perhaps to the extent of pushing them one soul-inch closer to hope.

The system, being huge, is ponderous. To reform abuses that have ac-



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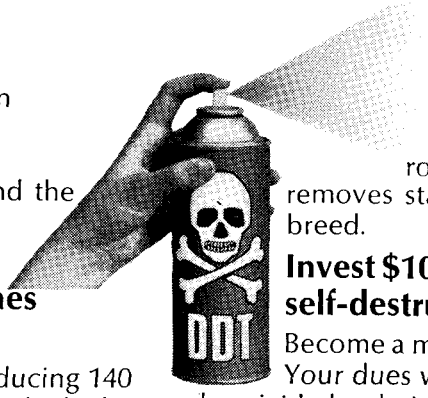

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created to it is a work of patriotic patience. Inevitably, then, those who suffer from inequities in the system will lose patience and turn to violence. Today we are terrorized by bombers, snipers, arsonists, and destructive mobs. The mass of the American people, made restive by these nobly motivated but criminal and unbearable acts of violence, seems to be on the verge of a violent reaction to violence. When large numbers of people take part in such violence (as in the case of lynch mobs, ghetto uprisings, and violent student confrontations), all of us are tested. We could call out machine gun squads and mow them down. But what are we then? We could look away and let criminals have the streets. But what are we then?

I know of no easy answers. It is, I believe, a testing time in the American soul, and neither radicalism nor superpatriotism is a good enough answer. I believe that the American system will prove, as it has proved in the past, that it is responsive to its own ideals and that it is capable of adjusting within itself to the strains of changing times. I honor that system, honor its stated ideals without reservation, and dissent from such institutions as HISC because I see them as agencies of distrust that work against the good of the nation.

In the exercise of my dissent I have from time to time signed petitions and allowed organizations to list me on their letterheads. Presented with a petition, I have not looked under the psychic or social bed of the man who offered it to me. I read it. If I agreed with what it said, I signed it.

In signing it I have agreed only with what I have read and not necessarily with any other declared or hidden purposes of those who circulated the petition. I will not deny what I believe to be just. The fact that the devil can quote scripture is no reason for turning the faithful against it.

True, some devious organization might use my name, for what little it is worth, to promote something other than its declared ends. As far as I am concerned, I have, in any given case, signed only to what was openly declared—exactly that much and no more.

Such a position may be attacked as politically naïve. So be it. I am not in any deep sense a political animal. I have come to numbered years, and I mean only to live them out in something like a possible openness of mind, beyond any thought of saving the world and, ideally, toward some graceful exit line. I hold, in any case, that it is better to be naïve than to be afraid to sign oneself to honest principle. I have it in mind that during the fever of McCarthyism a Chicago newspaperman typed out the beginning of the Declaration of Independence in the form of a petition, went out on the streets with it, and could find no one willing to sign it.

I must think of that day as a dark time of the Republic. I choose not to live in such darkness. I will sign openly and live openly to what I believe to be for the good of the nation. I am, in part and on specific issues, a dissenter. I am in no sense a radical. I am totally invested in the economy and totally devoted to the founding principles of the American nation. When my thoughts—only sporadically—turn to politics, I turn out to be some sort of moderate liberal. I am confused by most of what is happening. I doubt that I shall outlive confusion. If the choice is between optimism and pessimism, pessimism is a bit more natural to my mind, but I am willing to strain toward hope on any evidence that justifies me in so straining. I am disturbed by the truculence of super-patriots who bellow oversimplified and often bloody solutions to complicated problems. Because such super-patriots wave the flag so aggressively in the course of their harangue, and because I find them distasteful, I am disinclined to imitate their gestures. But it is my flag, too, though I prefer not to hit my neighbor over the head with the flagstaff. I am an American. I hope to be a good American. HISC's action in branding me a radical is a slander. If the committee is composed of good but merely misinformed and misguided men, it owes me a public apology. With or without such an apology, I shall oppose the continued existence of HISC. Offered such an apology, I can at least stop thinking of HISC as a body of cynical liars.

WIT TWISTER #189

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

His _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ keeps
him captive in his room;
Not one old friend remains who
knows or cares.
Now, only _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
strangers break the gloom:
Unbidden _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
with unwanted wares.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 47)

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Man meet road. Road meet man.

You spend a lot of time on the road.

Barrelling over it. Not communicating with it.

With the right car, a spirited well-disciplined machine, you and the road can have a steady dialogue with each other.

There is no small element of joy involved in the sensitive anticipation of changing terrain, curves and traffic conditions.

Enter, the Renault 10. $1776*, 35 MPG, 4-wheel disc brakes and independent suspension. That's all your head has to know for now.

To know how it can be between you and the road, the ride, the feel, the handling, is a matter of touch, a gut reaction.

Your local Renault dealer is ready to introduce you to the road.

*Suggested retail price, P.O.E. Taxes, freight, options (such as whitewalls, radio, etc.) and dealer delivery charges additional. Renault Inc., 100 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632

ROAD LOVE

RENAULT

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Advertisement of the Week was found by Fred Pearson of Ramona, California, in the Help Wanted section of the Ramona *Sentinel:*

> **WANTED:** Part-time Housekeeper for retired Nudist Non-Smoker. Must have valid California Operator's license.

The license of the freeway, we say, is not a license for licentiousness. Meanwhile, our good friend Barbara McCormick located in the Cape Cod *Standard-Times* our Story of the Week:

> The New Haven Palladium reports a serious occurrence which took place one night last week at Yale College.
>
> According to the account, the windows of the room occupied by Mr. Fisk P. Brown, college tutor, were broken by stones thrown at them, undoubtedly by a party of students. He left for assistance and on returning found his room occupied by a party of students who had entered in his absence.
>
> In his attempts to seize some of them, he was beaten over the head with a club and rendered insensible. The parties committing this outrage then escaped without detection. . . .
>
> Riotous proceedings are reported as having recently been enacted by the students of the Columbia, S.C. College, who, from some unexplained cause, became enraged against the police and citizens. . . .
>
> One account says the scene presented was such as Columbia never before saw; two hundred armed citizens. . . .
>
> The order to take aim was given and a fire would have followed had not Colonel Goodwyn and others thrown themselves between and called on the citizens not to fire.

And the date of the story? Well, it is a reprint from a weekly called the Boston *Cultivator* and appeared in 1856.

In Chicago, we had dinner with Robert Ardrey, whose latest book is *The Social Contract.* As we started to sit down beside him in a booth, he moved around to the side. "Nowadays," he told us sternly, "you've got to angle people. It's the same with hens. Even when they don't have hardly any room, they get themselves at an angle so they won't be face to face."

We clucked agreement—and angled away. We understood Mr. Ardrey now lives in Rome and wondered whether he was concerned by what is happening to America. "Yes," he said, "I only come over now every couple of years—so the changes are very sharp to me. First we had a generation that couldn't spell. Then we had a generation that couldn't write. Now we've got a generation that can't even talk.

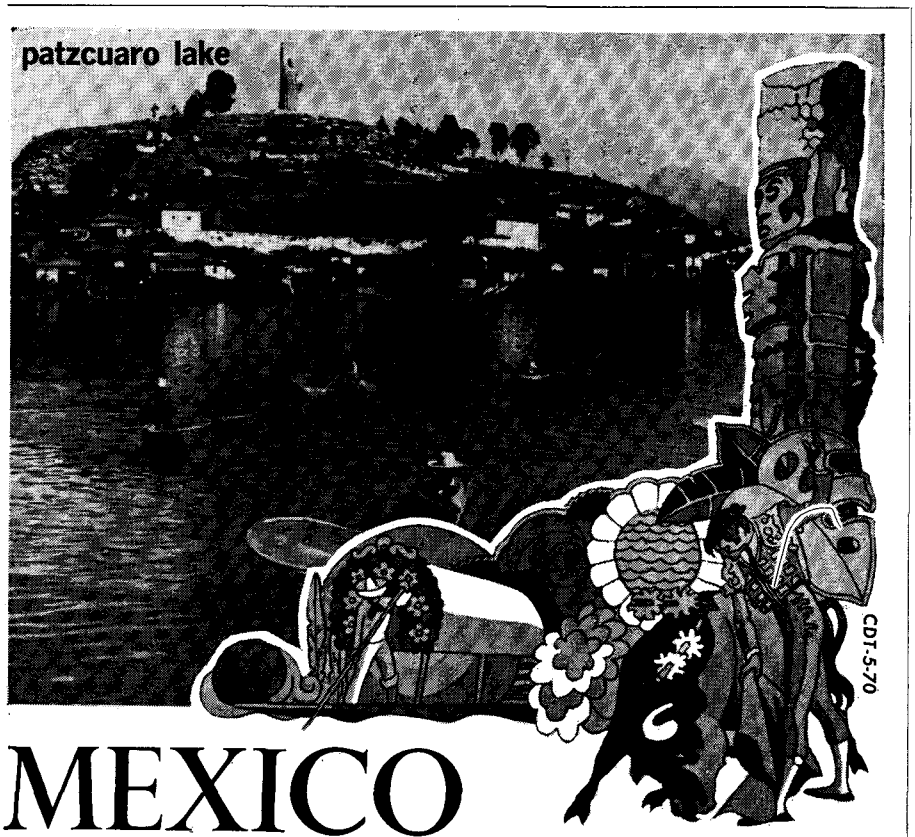
"This is the first time ever," he went on, "that I failed to enjoy myself in New York. There's something about the unendurability of it—the dirt and the noise. Walking down the street with someone, you have to stop talking. You can't even hear yourself, let alone the other person. You can't even hear yourself think. I notice it with old friends. You see a kind of withdrawal. They're always thinking about something—probably about what they're going to do next. People talk about neutral topics, too.

"Italians," Mr. Ardrey continued, "have real respect for privacy. If a friend calls you and says a couple of people want to meet you and you say 'Holy God,' they never press. In New York, they're mortally offended.

"And yet," he said throwing up his hands Italian style, "in Italy it's against the law to have an unsolicited number. You figure it out. One thing, though, there I live in one of the toughest sections—the Trastevere—and yet I can go out and mail a letter in the middle of the night. Italians are the world's most aggressive people. Look how they drive and how they rant and scream at each other. But they never hit each other. It's possible, Lorenz says, you know, to ritualize violence. The Italians conquered the world years ago. But now they say the hell with it. My wife, Bredine—she illustrated my book—was the leading actress in South Africa. There are some places she'd be quite uncomfortable. In Rome people couldn't care less."

Did, we asked, we detect conservative noises? "The only Republican vote I ever cast," Mr. Ardrey said, "was for Warren in California. So I've got to classify myself as a liberal. But I draw the line between classic liberals and what I think of as the liberal syndrome —1930s liberalism plus neuroses. That's why it *is* a syndrome—it *is* a neurosis. I, for one, don't believe in all this college education. You have tens of millions who never should go to college. They might make excellent mechanics."

Was it fair, we asked, to blame youth's troubles on the nuclear threat? "Not at all," he said. "It's a cop-out. After all, there are only three possibilities to this nuclear thing. One, we *will*



MEXICO

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Jacques-Yves Cousteau describes his new book, the first to come directly out of the greatest undersea adventure in history. The Shark

"It is, as I write this, almost four years since my ship, the *Calypso,* left Monaco for its longest and most fascinating voyage. We dived, camera in hand, among the sharks of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. We danced with marine creatures who resembled guests at a masked ball. We clung to the fins of toothed whales and annotated the journal of their travels.

"We filmed our way across most of the shark-infested waters of the earth—sometimes tagging the sharks with darts in a deadly kind of underwater bullfight . . . sometimes holding off whole schools of aggressive sharks with nothing but a camera.

"Parts of this long and unprecedented voyage have been seen by millions of television viewers. But what is not apparent on any screen, what I could not truly reveal until now, is the complete story of the *Calypso's* voyage—the thousands of dives, the technical preparation, the moments of beauty, the narrow escapes, and, above all, the sense of communion with a formidable creature. For, make no mistake, the shark has survived unchanged longer than any species on earth for good reason. It is one of the few animals potentially dangerous to man that remain uncontrolled.

"We risked much on our voyage, but we have learned the ways of the great sharks in the open sea. This is the story my son, Philippe, and I tell you now. This—with all the experience I have gained in thirty-three years of diving—is what we have put into our book, THE SHARK."

J-Y Cousteau

Alex Goffryd

With 124 color photographs in a sumptuous, oversized hardcover format, The Shark *is, in every way, exactly what the first advance reviewer (in Publishers' Weekly) called it: "the breakthrough book on sharks." Just published; at booksellers now or mail the coupon today.*

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

To your bookseller or to
Doubleday & Company, Inc., Dept. O-SR-11
Garden City, New York 11530

Please send me_____copies of THE SHARK. I understand that I may return the book(s) within two weeks and owe nothing. Otherwise, you will bill me just $7.95 per copy plus shipping charges as payment in full.

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SAVE: Send payment now and we pay shipping charges. Same return privilege guaranteed.

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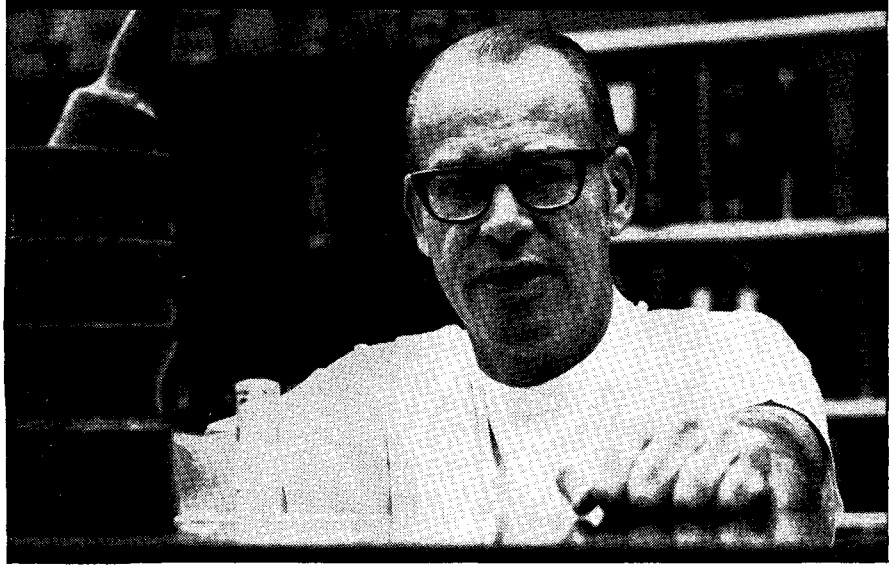
"You get more value for your dollar in prescription drugs today than ever before...



but try to tell someone."

A pharmacist talks about the price of medicines and the price of health care.

Ask my customers about the prices of prescriptions and they'll usually say "they keep going up!"

True, after many years of a downward trend, the drug price index has gone up. But the rise is a modest one compared to the overall cost of health care and the sharp upswing in consumer prices. In the past year, the price index for prescriptions rose 1.7% ... while the cost of living was climbing 6.0%.

The average family spends a little more than one-half cent of its consumer dollar on prescription drugs. Less than a dime out of every medical care dollar goes for these health-giving medicines ... a smaller percentage than a family spent 10 years ago.

The average prescription today costs $3.68*. For this, the purchaser gets products that are more effective than those available a decade ago. Six out of ten of the most often prescribed drugs were not even available then. These new medicines give the doctor more potent weapons. More ailments are being controlled. Patients get out of the hospital sooner (or stay out altogether). And this can mean a sizeable savings in the family's health care budget.

As a professional, I know that drug industry competition ... in price, research, quality, new products and service ... has meant continued increases in the value my customers receive.

Another point of view ... Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 15th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

*American Druggist Survey, 1969

all be wiped out, and this I don't believe—a few hundred million will survive; or two, there'll be the kind of fracas where a few hundred million will get killed—but Homo sapiens will still go on; or, finally, three, nothing is going to happen. That's the real horror, you know. Because if we annihilate ourselves, we can escape. But if we don't, we're going to have to live with this thing."

We asked Mr. Ardrey if he ever felt insecure—he was, after all, a screen writer turned world savant. "Well," he said, "I've just been back to Hollywood. But it certainly was different. This time I was lecturing in Los Angeles on the biology of behavior to 1,200 members of the American Society of Plastic Surgeons. Some of them made their livings fixing noses and lifting breasts, but still I got a standing ovation.

"Of course, once in a while I get a letter from some scientist who says I just stumbled on a good thing and then made money out of it. Well, I write that sort of guy and say that sure I make a lot of money, but I was a hell of a success as a film writer, and still today I could call my agent and get five offers by the end of the week for $150,000 for three months. The money I make now I make a much harder way. But it gives me a peculiar sense of stability. It isn't a matter of success. It's a belief—a matter of learning my own lessons. I find myself at much greater peace with myself.

"I had an idea," Mr. Ardrey told us. "I don't know whether it's the right idea. But I had one just when everybody needed one. And I knew how to write it. There is something in my prose—I think one reason it gets to people is I've written so much dialogue. Dialogue is written for the ear, you know, prose for the eye. I still write prose with a kind of beat underneath. It's like you can see it and hear it at the same time. You get it in two senses at once. Some English critic called it my word-in-the-ear style. I don't know—but I guess it's one reason I'm so easy to read aloud."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1908)

PAUL HUSON:
MASTERING WITCHCRAFT

These ... are ... red-letter days on your witches' calendar. ... Thirteen full moons, thirteen new moons, and eight Sabbats. ... As a witch, ... you will find that the Sabbats are fun, and worth making an effort over, especially the Grand Sabbats of Beltane and Halloween.

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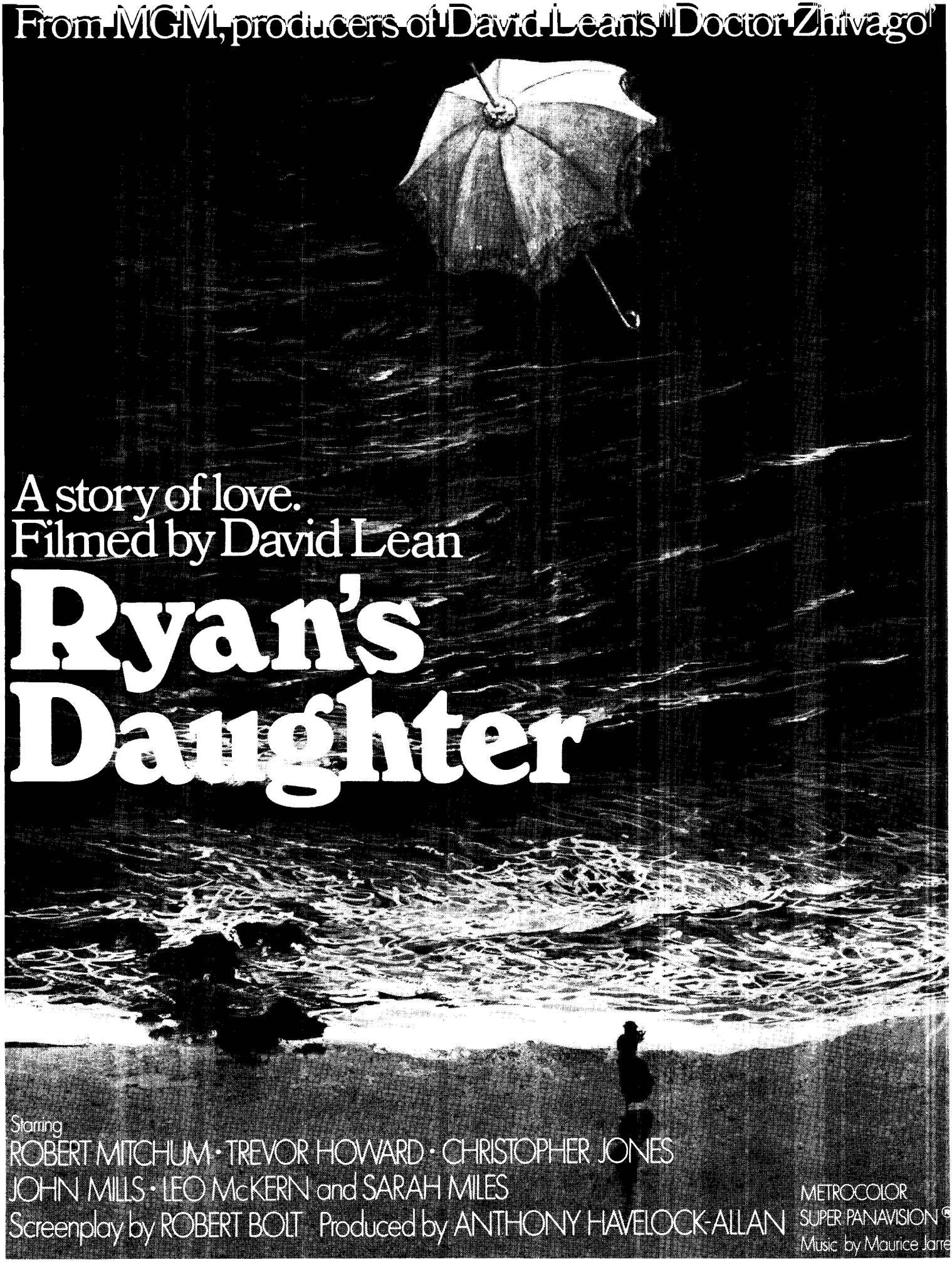
From MGM, producers of David Lean's "Doctor Zhivago"
A story of love.
Filmed by David Lean
Ryan's Daughter
Starring
ROBERT MITCHUM · TREVOR HOWARD · CHRISTOPHER JONES
JOHN MILLS · LEO McKERN and SARAH MILES
Screenplay by ROBERT BOLT Produced by ANTHONY HAVELOCK-ALLAN
METROCOLOR
SUPER PANAVISION®
Music by Maurice Jarre

AT SELECTED MOTION PICTURE THEATRES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD BEGINNING THIS MONTH.

MGM

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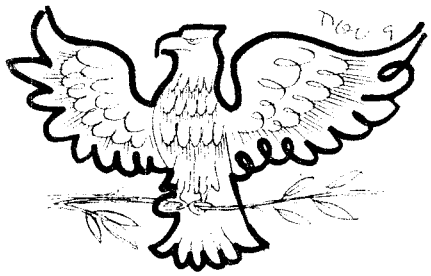
The Governance of the Pentagon



"The best defense against militarism is peace; the next best thing is the vigorous practice of democracy."

by J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT,
U.S. Senator from Arkansas

Although I cannot conceive of a single top-ranking officer in any of the U.S. armed services who would consider an attempt to overturn our Constitutional government—in the manner of *Seven Days in May* fiction—militarism as a philosophy poses a distinct threat to our democracy. At the minimum, it represents a dangerously constricted but highly influential point of view when focused on our foreign relations. It is a viewpoint that by its nature takes little account of political and moral complexities, even less of social and economic factors, and almost no account of human and psychological considerations.

Rarely does a general officer invoke the higher loyalty of patriotism—his own concept of it, that is—over loyalty to civilian political authority, as Douglas MacArthur did in his defiance of President Truman. But if, as time goes on, our country continues to be chronically at war, continues to neglect domestic problems, and continues to have unrest in its cities and on its campuses, then militarism will surely increase. And even if the military do not take over the government directly, they could—because of increasing use in domestic crises—come to acquire power comparable to that of the German General Staff in the years before World War I. I hope this never comes to pass. It may not seem likely now, but it is by no means so inconceivable that we need not warn against it and act to prevent it.

I have often warned those students who talk of the need to revise our system by revolution that if such a revolution were to take place, the government that would emerge for our country would not be the one they seek. Rather it would be authoritarian and controlled by the very forces who today promote military solutions to foreign policy problems.

The leadership of professional military officer corps stems from a few thousand high-ranking officers, whose unusual ability and energy come of single-mindedness. Marked as men of talents by their rise to the highest ranks through the rigorous competitiveness of the military services, they bring to bear a strength in conviction and a near unanimity of outlook that afford them an influence on public policy, in government councils and in Congress, disproportionate to their numbers. Disciplined and loyal to their respective services, with added prestige derived from heroic combat records, they operate with an efficiency not often found among civilian officials.

The danger to public policy arises from civilian authorities' adopting the narrowness of outlook of professional soldiers—an outlook restricted by training and experience to the use of force. As we have developed into a society whose most prominent business is violence, one of the leading professions inevitably is soldiering. Since they are the professionals, and civilian bureaucrats refuse to challenge them, the military have become ardent and effective competitors for power in American society.

The services vie with one another for funds, for the control of weapons systems, and for the privilege of being "first to fight." Constantly improving their techniques for rapid deployment, they not only yearn to try them out but when opportunities arise they press their proposals on civilian authorities. The latter all too often are tempted by the seemingly quick "surgical" course of action proposed by the military in preference to the long and wearisome methods of diplomacy. For a variety of reasons—from believing it to be the only possible course of action in the national interest to testing equipment and techniques of counterinsurgency, or just to avoid the disgrace of being "left out"—all the military services were enthusiastic about our initial involvement in Vietnam. By now they should have had their fill, but they still push on, trying out new weapons and new strategies—such as "destroying sanctuaries" in Cambodia.

The root cause of militarism is war, and as long as we have the one we will be menaced by the other. The best defense against militarism is peace; the next best thing is the vigorous practice of democracy. The dissent against our government's action in Southeast Asia, the opposition to the ABM and MIRV, and the increased willingness of many in the Congress to do something about the hitherto sacrosanct military budget are all encouraging signs that democracy is being practiced. But there is much in American policy these days that is discouraging.

There seems to be a lack of concern among too many people about the state of the nation, and a too easy acceptance of policies and actions of a kind that a generation ago would have appalled the citizenry. The apparent broad acceptance of the "volunteer army" idea comes to mind—a concept completely at variance with our historic development. Up to now, a blessing of our system has been that those who go into the military service, whether by enlistment or through the draft, could hardly wait to get out. (Despite attractive re-enlistment bonuses, the Army's rate of retention in 1969 of men finishing their first term was 14.6 per cent for volunteers and

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SENATOR FULBRIGHT is chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. This article is adapted from his book *The Pentagon Propaganda Machine* (© 1970), published this month by Liveright Publishing, and is printed by permission.

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7.4 per cent for draftees.) But today, because of the exigencies of the times, there is a chance that we may turn our back on this fundamental principle. A large, standing professional army has no place in this Republic.

Along with promoting militarism as part of our society, the mindless violence of war has eaten away at our moral values and at our sensitivity. Reporters covering the domestic aspects of the Mylai massacre story in the home area of Lt. William Calley were surprised to find loud support for the accused—not sympathy, which might be expected, but support. Among these people, there seemed to be no recognition of a possible wrongdoing or criminal act in the alleged massacre.

Beyond the discouragements—and even such disturbing events as the Cambodian adventure and our activities in Thailand and Laos—one has to hope, with reason drawn from our nation's history, that the traditional workings of our system and the innate common sense of Americans will prevail. The task certainly is not going to be easy. We have been so stunned, almost desensitized—like Lieutenant Calley's supporters—by what has gone on during the recent past that it is almost possible to turn to total pessimism. History did not prepare the American people for the imperial role in which we find ourselves, and we are paying a moral price for it. From the time of the framing of our Constitution to the two world wars, our experience and values—if not our uniform practice—conditioned us not for the unilateral exercise of power but for the placing of limits upon it. Perhaps it was vanity, but we supposed that we could be an example to the rest of the world—an example of rationality and restraint.

Our practice has not lived up to that ideal, but, from the earliest days of the republic, the ideal has retained its hold upon us, and every time we have acted inconsistently with it—not just in Vietnam and Cambodia—a hue and cry of opposition has arisen. When the United States invaded Mexico, two former presidents and a future one—John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, and Lincoln—denounced the war as violating American principles. Adams, the senior of them, is said to have even expressed the hope that General Taylor's officers would resign and his men desert. When the United States fought a war with Spain and then suppressed the patriotic resistance of the Philippines, the ranks of opposition numbered two former presidents—Harrison and Cleveland—Senators and Congressmen, including the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and such distinguished—and differing—individuals as Andrew Carnegie and Samuel Gompers.

The incongruity between our old values and the new unilateral power we wield has greatly troubled the American people. It has much to do, I suspect, with the current student rebellion. Like a human body reacting against a transplanted organ, our body politic is reacting against the alien values that, in the name of security, have been grafted upon it. We cannot, and dare not, divest ourselves of power, but we have a choice as to how we will use it. We can try to ride out the current convulsion in our society and adapt ourselves to a new role as the world's nuclear vigilante. Or we can try to adapt our power to our traditional values, never allowing it to become more than a means toward domestic societal ends, while seeking every opportunity to discipline it within an international community.

It is not going to help us to reach these ends to have a President fearful that we are going to be "humiliated," nor for him to turn to the military as a prime source of advice on foreign affairs. In the case of Cambodia, the President accepted military advice during the decision-making process, apparently in preference to that of the Department of State, thereby turning to an initial military solution rather than a diplomatic or political one. Of course, the Senate was not consulted.

At one time, the treaty power of the Senate was regarded as the only Constitutional means of making a significant foreign commitment, while Executive agreements in foreign affairs were confined to matters of routine. Today, the treaty has been reduced to only one of a number of methods of entering binding foreign engagements. In current practice the term "commitment" is used less often to refer to obligations deriving from treaties than to those deriving from Executive agreements and even simple, sometimes casual declarations.

Thailand provides an interesting illustration. Under the SEATO alliance, the United States has only two specific obligations to Thailand: to act "in accordance with its Constitutional processes" in the event that Thailand is overtly attacked, and to "consult immediately" with the other SEATO allies should Thailand be threatened by subversion. But the presence of 40,000 American troops, assigned there by the Executive branch acting entirely on its own authority, creates a de facto commitment going far beyond the SEATO agreement, and one that is largely based on military recommendations and desires. On March 6, 1962, Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Thai Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman issued a joint declaration in which Secretary Rusk expressed "the firm intention of the United States to aid Thailand, its ally and historic friend, in resisting communist aggression and subversion." Obviously, this goes far beyond the SEATO commitment and omits any reference to Constitutional processes.

"Achilles' heel? Well, son, it was something like Namath's knees . . ."

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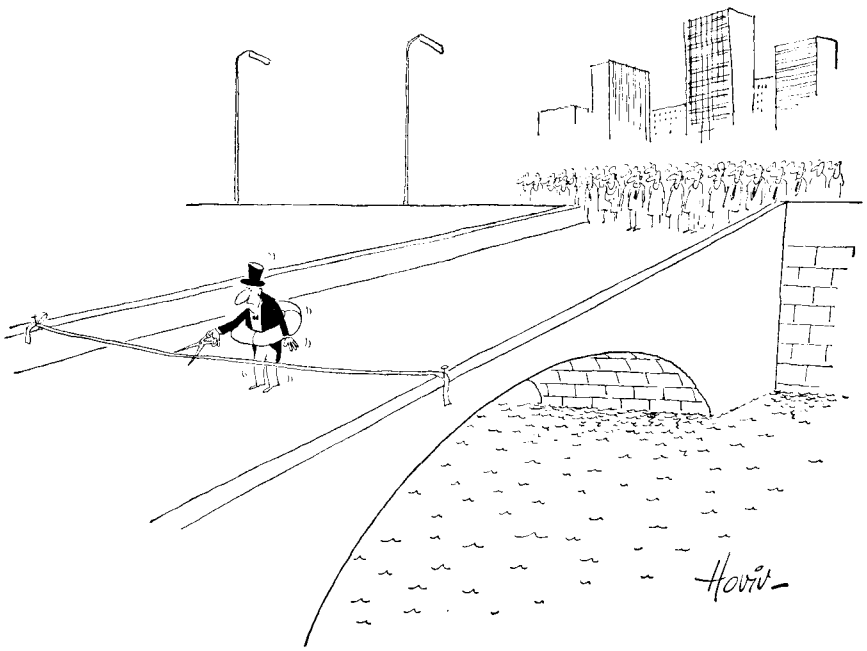

An even more striking illustration of the upgrading of a limited agreement into a de facto defense obligation is provided by the series of agreements negotiated over the past sixteen years for the maintenance of U.S. military bases in Spain. Initiated under an Executive agreement in 1953, the agreements were significantly upgraded by a joint declaration issued by Secretary Rusk and Spanish Foreign Minister Castiella in 1963 asserting that a "threat to either country" would be an occasion for each to "take such action as it may consider necessary within its Constitutional processes." In strict Constitutional law, this agreement, whose phrasing closely resembles that of our multilateral security treaties, would be binding on no one excepting Private Citizen Rusk; in fact, it is what might be called the "functional equivalent" of a treaty ratified by the Senate. In 1968, acknowledging even more explicitly the extent of our de facto commitment to Spain, Gen. Earle Wheeler, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, acting under instructions from Secretary Rusk, provided Spanish military authorities with a secret memorandum asserting that the presence of American armed forces in Spain constituted a more significant security guarantee than would a written agreement. Again, as with the Thai commitment, strategic military considerations, arrived at by military commanders with the acquiescence of civilian authorities, undoubtedly were the overriding factors in the political decision.

The Department of State is not alone among the agencies of government awed as well as outmanned, outmaneuvered, or simply elbowed aside by Executive military decision-making. The Department of Defense has established a massive bureaucracy, like that in the Department of Commerce, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and all the others that protect their positions and interests within the mechanism of governmental power and appropriations.

When war was abhorrent to the American people, the military was considered only as a tool to be used if needed. Today, with our chronic state of war, and with peace becoming the unusual, the military has created for itself an image of a comforting thing to have around. In reality, however, it has become a monster bureaucracy that can grind beneath its wheels the other bureaucracies, whatever their legitimate needs and their prescribed roles within the process of government.

One ominously influential arm of the Defense Department is its military public relations apparatus, which today is selling the administration's Southeast Asian policy, just as it sold the Vietnam policy of the previous administration, with increasing emphasis on patriotic militarism and activity directed against its critics. The enthusiasm and dedication of the purveyors of the hard military line are such that their present course could easily be modified in order to encourage the removal of those in the Congress who question actions of the Executive branch and the growth of military influence.

Considering the normal skepticism of the American citizen, such overt political activity by the military would seem to have small chance of success. But I raise the point, nevertheless; the apparatus exists, and we of the Congress, in another context, have been put on notice that legitimate and even constitutionally required questioning is viewed by some individuals as interference with Executive prerogatives.

It is interesting to compare the American government's only *official* propaganda organization, the U.S. Information Agency, with the Defense Department's apparatus. The USIA is so circumscribed by Congress that it cannot, with the rarest of exceptions, distribute its materials within this country. Since much USIA output is composed of a filtered view of the United States and its policies, such a prohibition is eminently sensible. But the Department of Defense, with more than twice as many people engaged in public relations as the USIA has in all of its posts abroad, operates to distribute its propaganda within this country without control other than that of the Executive branch, and it floods the domestic scene with its special, narrow view of the military establishment and its role in the world.

Of course, the military needs an information program. But it should be one designed to inform, not promote or possibly deceive. There is no need for production of self-promotional films for public consumption. There is no need to fly private citizens about the country to demonstrate to the public our military might. There is no need to send speakers at taxpayers' expense anywhere from Pensacola, Florida, to Portland, Oregon, to address luncheon clubs and veterans organizations. There is no need to set up expensive and elaborate exhibits at state and county fairs. There is no need to take VIPs on pleasant cruises to Hawaii aboard aircraft carriers. There surely is no need for military production of television shows for domestic, commercial use showing "feature" aspects of the Southeast Asian war.

What can be done about the situation?

An obvious answer comes at once to mind: legislation that would again set a ceiling on Defense Department public relations spending. It didn't work before, but perhaps this time it might be possible to require the Defense Department to report on a regular basis to the Congress and to the public on just what it is doing in the "information" field. Such legislation might also eliminate some of the activities that are far outside the military's proper role in our society—such as the "V-Series" films from Southeast Asia and the "educational" programs of the Industrial College of the Armed Forces. It also might require the State Department to enforce strict clearance of films, speeches, and other material involving foreign policy.

The passage of such legislation would be desirable, but only as a step toward limiting the other activities in which the Pentagon is engaged far

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beyond the true mission assigned to it —that of physically protecting this country.

The real solution to militarism, of course, is rigorous civilian—including Congressional—control of the now largely uncontrolled military establishment. The growth of military influence began in perilous times when an implacable Stalin and world communism constituted a major threat to the noncommunist world recovering from a devastating war. But the growth of real Pentagon political power did not begin until we became increasingly involved in Vietnam seven years ago. Although the Congress these days is looking more coolly at the enormous defense budget than it has in the past, the surgical process of cutting back will be a difficult one—and not popular with many members to whose districts the military-industrial establishment has become of great economic importance.

It may help if the public starts examining carefully attempts by the military to sell them its point of view. The press, radio, and television might look more critically on the military's attemps to influence or use them. Not that the media have been remiss in their responsibilities; in fact, frequently the press has been the only source of accurate information about what is going on in Southeast Asia and throughout the world. But there are some who allow themselves to be seduced by the military with free trips and VIP treatment, and even a few who are not much more than trained seals for the Pentagon. Also, there are editors who are not skeptical enough about the material fed to them by the military. Radio and television, as we have seen, are heavy users of the military's propaganda and public relations output. Perhaps some of their executives should devote more attention to filling their public-service time examining the grave domestic problems besetting the country instead of using "V-Series" films and the Army's *Big Picture*.

Nearly ten years ago I made a speech to the National War College and the Industrial College of the Armed Forces in Washington. I said:

> The effectiveness of our armed services depends upon the maintenance of their unique prestige and integrity. These will remain intact only so long as the services adhere to their tradition of nonpolitical professionalism. No group or institution can participate in political debate without itself becoming an object of partisan attack. It is precisely because of its status as a nonpolitical institution that the military in the past has enjoyed the virtually unanimous support of the American people and has thus been beyond partisan assault. . . . It is my hope that the armed services will never yield to misguided temptations, which can only shatter the high esteem in which they are held. The preservation of that esteem is essential to the success of the armed forces in fulfilling their assigned mission and essential also, therefore, to the defense of the Republic.

Since I made that speech in 1961, the military has been dragged into the political arena. President Johnson at one crisis point brought General Westmoreland from Saigon to address a joint session of the Congress, in order to counter critics in the Senate with an honored officer's explanation as a means of selling administration policy. What troubles me today is that some politicians want to make regular use of the military in such a role, and would be loath to give it up.

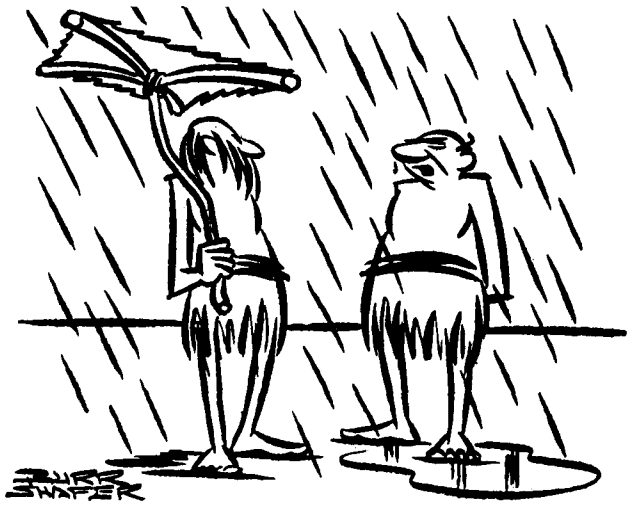
An indication of the fondness of some in the military for a political role is contained in the "Prize Essay 1970" printed in the March 1970 issue of *U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings*, a semi-official learned journal on naval affairs published in Annapolis, Maryland. The prize essay, chosen presumably by a group of high-ranking naval officers, is titled "Against All Enemies," and was written by Capt. Robert J. Hanks, USN, commander of a destroyer squadron who earlier had served in the Pentagon. The theme of his essay is that the military must determine the nature and the extent of external threats to our national security, and must also determine the character of our response to them. Captain Hanks also wrote that there are many individuals in the country who want to curb the military, including a fair sampling of the Senate. He names Senators Clifford P. Case and Walter F. Mondale, who have questioned the need for more aircraft carriers, Mike Mansfield and Stuart Symington, who wonder about the size of our troop levels in Europe, Charles E. Goodell, who proposed withdrawal of our troops from Vietnam by December 1, 1970, and myself—people who would in effect, he wrote, "so weaken this nation's defenses as to place the United States in the greatest jeopardy in its history."

Captain Hanks also came to the conclusion that, "while the threat from without remains, we now face an equally potent challenge from within. . . . In concentrating on the main task of the past thirty years—the external threat—some of us may have forgotten that we solemnly swore to support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign *and domestic*." (The italics are the captain's.) And that, "If the United States is to be protected against efforts of those who would place her in peril—through apathy, ignorance, or malice—we of the military cannot stand idly, silently by and watch it done. Our oath of office will not permit it."

A real hope in the fight against military influence, I believe, rests with our young. War is abhorrent to them even though it seemingly is not to many of us who have lived with slaughter for the past thirty years and who have made an apparent accommodation to the threat of nuclear destruction. The young remain unpersuaded that man is brought upon this Earth solely to find his way to the grave. There is among them a vigorous affirmation of life, a love of life that is hopeful and adventurous, if not confident of the future. The anti-life philosophy of militarism offends their minds and hearts.

An observation so widely cited that it is almost an axiom is that no one

(*Continued on page* 57)



—*Reprinted from SR, July 9, 1955*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I don't like it. It's against nature."

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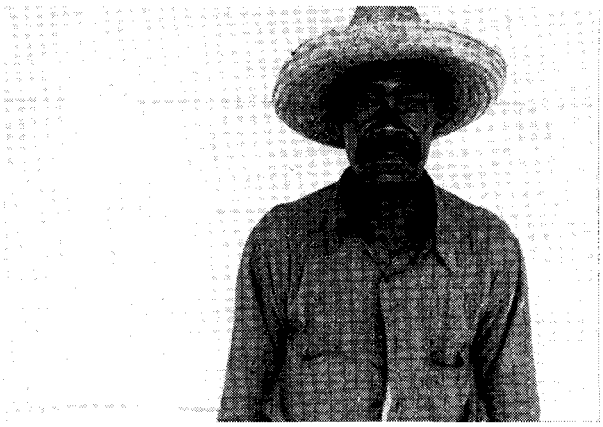

—*Photographs by Ben Shahn*

Arkansas Sharecropper, 1935

BEN SHAHN, PHOTOGRAPHER

by MARGARET R. WEISS

Although the biographers and bibliographers of Ben Shahn have been busy over the years recording his achievements as a painter, muralist, graphic artist, and illustrator, one aspect of his creative experience has been glossed over. This was the period in the mid-Thirties when his camera proved to be a major item in his economic survival kit during the Depression years.

Shahn already had behind him successful one-man shows of his controversial series, *The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti* and *The Mooney Case*, as well as representation in a group exhibition of murals at the Museum of Modern Art when he decided to enroll with the government-sponsored Public Works of Art Project in 1934. After a year of committee-spawned frustrations that left in limbo the murals intended for Central Park's casino and for the Riker's Island penitentiary, his talents in graphic art and design were absorbed into the Special Skills division of the Resettlement Administration (subsequently rechristened the Farm Security Administration).

Doubtless spurred by his friend Walker Evans, the photographer with whom he had earlier shared a studio in Greenwich Village, Shahn soon transferred to the agency's Historical Section of the Division of Information—a purely federalese label for a camera unit that was to write its own chapter of photographic history. Under the dynamic, at times evangelistic, direction of Roy E. Stryker, a dozen FSA photographers—Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, Russell Lee, Carl Mydans, Arthur Rothstein, and Ben Shahn among them—produced some 270,000 negatives documenting the life pattern of the "starved, stalled, and stranded" of a rural America atrophied by acute economic paralysis.

As part of the FSA unit, the artist-turned-photographer accepted the challenge of Stryker's directive "to know enough about the subject matter, to find its significance in itself and in relation to the surroundings, its time and its function." Between 1935 and 1938, on trips that lasted four or five months at a stretch, Shahn's $6-per-diem-and-5¢-a-mile-for-gas took him all through the South and Midwest: into the farmlands and main streets of Ohio, the Carolinas, and Tennessee; into the mining towns and railroad yards of West Virginia and Kentucky; into Arkansas squatters' huts and cotton pickers' leantos; into Ozark schoolrooms; into the homes of Louisiana trappers and tenant farmers.

His Leica—small, unobtrusive, and equipped with a right-angle viewfinder that allowed him to capture his subjects unaware—was an ideal traveling companion. What only a few years before had seemed to him no more than a fascinating toy became a facile tool—a mechanical recording angel capable of making a "sketchbook" of on-the-spot images rich in precise detail. There was much about a camera that Shahn found appealing. It was a fairly reliable reporter, and it could freeze split-second action. It was direct and straightforward in approach; it made the everyday and commonplace compelling. It could catch the textures and planes revealed by the interplay of light and shadow—the "shape of content" with which Shahn the photographer was as much concerned as Shahn the artist.

The transition from amateur to professional lensman may well have occurred when he was collaborating with Lou Block on plans for the Riker's Island mural. Sharing the assignment, the two men also shared the preparatory step of taking their cameras to Manhattan's Lower East Side and to many of New York's prisons in order to shoot "character" studies of city-street types. Both as a convenient research-gathering method and as a dependable *aide-mémoire*, visual note-taking such as this satisfied Shahn's penchant for careful documentation.

In painting, his passion for precision was reinforced by his early study of the Florentine and Sienese masters; his preference for sharply contrasting realistic and stylized forms burgeoned under exposure to Diego Rivera's work. In photography, he admired the direct field photojournalism of Mathew Brady, the compassionate lens of Lewis Hine, the unerring craftsmanship of Walker Evans, and the consummate blend of all three that he had found in the camerawork of the young Henri Cartier-Bresson as early as 1933.

Except for the catalogue annotator, it is an unrewarding task to subdivide and dissect an artist's work according to the media in which at various times he elects to render his visual impressions. For the creative impulse—that elusive union of sight and insight—the medium is not the message. And for Shahn, his 6,000 FSA photographs were pictures, not paper images. Whether he put his impressions on film, canvas, or plaster wall, his artistic purpose was

(*Continued on page* 60)

This article is taken from the introduction to Margaret R. Weiss's forthcoming book *Ben Shahn, Photographer*, and is used by permission of DaCapo Press.

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Cotton Pickers on Sunday, Little Rock, 1935

Ozark Family, Arkansas, 1935

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Report on *SR*

It has been several years now since the editors have reported to our readers on matters having to do with the operation of the magazine, and some subscribers have asked whether the reports have been discontinued as a matter of policy. The answer, simply, is that we have had more important things to write about. But this may be an opportune time for some internal comments.

First, some general notes about the magazine business.

The central, persistent, and scratchy fact about magazines is that they are the only product (newspapers excepted, of course) sold to the consumer for less than the cost of manufacture. Hence, the larger the circulation and the bigger the physical dimensions of the magazine, the greater the deficit to be made up by advertising.

What has made the problem particularly acute with the mass circulation magazines is that, until recently, they have been attempting to demonstrate superiority in their field by offering ever-higher numbers of readers to potential advertisers. This has resulted in an anomalous and bizarre situation in which a magazine tries to prove its worth by doing more of what ails it. What makes the process even more self-destructive is that, as a magazine reaches out for more and more circulation, it invites increased comparison with television, which is able to offer advertisers audiences in the high millions at far lower rates than magazines.

Compounding the problem is the fact that the cost of obtaining circulation is not constant. A magazine, say, that wants to increase its circulation from five million to six million must be prepared to pay substantially more in acquiring each subscriber than it did at a lower circulation base. This is not so much the result of increased inflationary costs as it is a thinning-out of prime prospects beyond a certain point and the consequent need to offer outrageous inducements to subscribe. This uneconomic situation becomes magnified at subscription-renewal time. Readers who were able to obtain an introductory six-month or even a year's subscription for a few pennies per copy are not in a mood to put out dollars to renew.

Meanwhile, the advertiser who is being courted on such a heroic scale sees insufficient evidence of a responsiveness by readers proportionate to the increase in circulation.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the nation's largest magazines—large, that is, in both circulation and physical format—are now abandoning their efforts to compete with one another at the numbers level. Indeed, *Life*, *Look*, and *McCall's* have made the unprecedented move of cutting back sharply on their circulation guarantees. The present strategy is to stress a compact readership of high quality, by way of offering advertisers a more selective and hence more efficient way of talking to potential buyers than through television. This has resulted in an upgrading of editorial content, with a far higher proportion of pieces devoted to serious issues or to cultural themes now than formerly.

How has all this affected *Saturday Review*? Frankly, we have been lucky. History has been moving in our direction. Since the magazine from the start has addressed itself to a highly selective audience—that is, a readership rather than a flippership—it has been able to move ahead for the very reasons that have caused difficulties elsewhere. Most of the nation's quality periodicals, in fact, have been able to gain in strength during a time of adversity for their bigger brothers.

Some of the same factors that have caused problems for the multimillion-circulation magazines have worked to the advantage of the selective magazines, as *SR*, *The New Yorker*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic*, and similar journals are termed in the trade. These magazines can reach prospective new readers through well-defined mailing lists, of which the skilled professions are an example. Another advantage of the special interest magazines is that most enjoy a higher subscription renewal rate than most of the larger magazines. This means that the per copy deficit to be made up by advertisers is not uneconomically high.

The question has been raised whether *SR*'s threefold circulation growth in the last decade hasn't had the effect of escalating the magazine into a mass-magazine category. We don't think so. A magazine is best defined by its editorial character. The dominant nature of *SR*'s readership, according to all available indications, has not changed as the circulation has expanded. What has happened, we believe, is that the potential audience for an American magazine of ideas and the arts has grown prodigiously in the past two decades. So long as the circulation doesn't have to be forced to meet advertising guarantees; so long as the income per subscriber stays at economically healthy levels; so long as the magazine keeps its editorial sights high—we believe growth in readership can be sound and indeed vitalizing. Moreover, *SR* and the other magazines in its field are still a long way from anything approaching mass-circulation figures. (*SR* currently has a circulation of 615,000. Latest published reports show *The New Yorker* at 456,000, *Harper's* at 379,000, and *Atlantic* at 326,000.)

When *Saturday Review* was acquired almost ten years ago by the McCall Publishing Company, there was speculation in the press about the effect on our editorial policies. It was asked whether *SR*'s editors would re-

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tain complete freedom—on the editorial page or in the selection of material. Norton Simon, the governing figure in the McCall enterprise, insisted that *SR* retain operating autonomy. The magazine would continue as a separate company with its own board of directors. It was left up to the editors to decide to what extent they wished to make use of the McCall publishing facilities. At the time of the acquisition by McCall's, *SR* had a circulation of approximately 200,000. With the expansion of the magazine, the editors decided to avail themselves of McCall's printing services in Dayton, Ohio, largest in the world. *SR* now also uses McCall's computerized subscription fulfillment services.

In the entire period of our relationship with Mr. Simon, not a single request has been made by him to shade or alter our editorial opinions and policies. However, far-reaching changes have recently taken place in the corporate structure and personnel of the company that owns *SR*, and it may be asked whether Mr. Simon's policies will be maintained by the new corporate leadership.

First, a word about the changes. The various companies in which Mr. Simon had a controlling interest have been combined into a single company bearing his name. Having completed the reorganization, Mr. Simon felt that his main business purpose had been achieved, and he proceeded systematically to detach himself from all connections with the company in order to devote himself to matters of public interest, of which public education was high on his list. (Mr. Simon has been a member of the University of California Board of Regents for more than a decade.) The key figure today in Norton Simon, Inc., is David J. Mahoney, who is both president and chairman of the board of directors. David Mahoney is a young, energetic, creative executive who has deep interests in the communications media and who, like Mr. Simon, has strong public service leanings and capacities. (He has recently been appointed by President Nixon to serve as chairman of the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission.) Mr. Mahoney engaged Edward E. Fitzgerald, formerly with Doubleday & Company, Inc., as head of all publishing operations of NSI. Both Mr. Mahoney and Mr. Fitzgerald have reaffirmed Norton Simon's policy of complete editorial autonomy for *SR*.

Any doubt that Norton Simon was serious about his decision to make a complete break with his business career was dispelled some months ago when he challenged the incumbent, George Murphy, for the California Republican Senatorial nomination. He ran a strong campaign and surprised professional politicians by polling one-third of the primary vote. Mr. Simon has been in the news again recently in connection with his fight to prevent the Irvine Company from undertaking a vast real estate development adjacent to the campus of the University of California at Irvine. Mr. Simon has called on his fellow Regents to prevent what he has termed a $430-million land-profiteering deal with damaging social consequences for the people of California in general and the university in particular. In this effort to block authorization for the Irvine development, Norton Simon has found himself pitted squarely against Governor Ronald Reagan.

An incident occurred at a recent meeting of the Board of Regents that may have national implications. At the meeting, Norton Simon pressed his fight against the Irvine proposals. Governor Ronald Reagan did not refute his charges but, following the meeting, called Norton Simon a "lying son of a bitch." The Governor was also reported in the press as having shoved Mr. Simon. The report of the incident touched off immediate shock waves throughout the state. The Governor of California is well known to have Presidential aspirations. One of the grave characteristics of Presidential authority today is access to nuclear triggers that could touch off a world holocaust. The fact that Ronald Reagan is prone to outbursts of uncontrolled rage cannot be detached from any assessment of the man in a larger setting. Nor did the Governor's explanation the day following the Regents' meeting provide any reassurance; the press quoted him to the effect that he had admitted taking temporary leave of his senses. One wonders whether the world could be sent spinning on a downward spiral because a single man in a position of vast power took temporary leave of his senses.

The latter part of our report, of course, is somewhat tangential to an account of what has been happening at *Saturday Review*. But it is very much a part of the world in which *SR* lives, and we thought it might be of interest to our readers. —N.C.

On an Island

by John Updike

Islanded, my wife turned on the radio for news of home.
Instead she heard that near us a plane had crashed into the sea.

She told me after dinner she couldn't face the flight home:
"What would I tell the children as we go down?"

I poo-poohed her of course, told her the long odds;
we made love with a desperate undercurrent, and fell asleep.

Then I awoke in the dark, and her fears appeared real.
The blinds were tilted black, my sunburn hurt, I was thirsty.

The tranquil ocean was yet enormous in its noise;
mad susurration followed me into each of the rooms.

My children were asleep, each small mouth darkly open;
"The radio said that a couple with a ten-year-old child

was found in the water, their bodies still clutching him."
Moonlight, pale as a moth, chasmed the front room with shadow

and lay white on the water, white on the sliding,
the huge-shushing sliding from island to island—

sleepless, inanimate, bottomless, prayer-denying,
the soughing of matter cast off by the sun, blind sun

among suns, massed liquid of atoms that conceives
and consumes, that communes with itself only,

soulless and mighty; our planes, our islands sink:
a still moon plates the sealed spot where they were.

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Letters to the Editor

Life in the Global Village

ISAAC ASIMOV in his article "The Fourth Revolution" [*SR*, Oct. 24] predicts and welcomes the advent of a worldwide "electronic literacy," since he sees this as furthering understanding by removing problems from isolation. With instant global communication, it is thought, national and sociological boundaries will become reduced to the point that all men will consider themselves fellow citizens of "the global village."

But the problem with this prediction is that its force rests upon some unexamined assumptions: that there is a body of objective fact to be communicated, that present differences can be ascribed to lack of that information, and that communication (whether arguing or informing) is itself the key to removing misunderstandings and hostilities.

The "fourth revolution" assumes no radical adjustment in the way we view the world, that is, in the way we seek information, or in the criteria we use to decide what counts as information. Language is a symbolic mediator of reality; whether or not we posit an objective reality, we cannot ignore this. As long as we communicate what seems to us reality by the use of symbols, the mere increase in the flow of symbols will not serve to increase understanding. Protagoras and Heraclitus can understand each other's positions thoroughly, and yet remain irreconcilable, as they do.

Until we find some way to display to each other the underpinnings of our thought and language structures, disagreement about what constitutes fact and about the correct interpretation of fact cannot be avoided. As an example, we might consider the community of historians, confronting essentially the same pool of "facts," yet unable to agree which are historical, which are significant, and which can be causally related to others.

Before we expect too much from the proliferation of rapid communication, then, we would do well to ask whether our framing and use of communication can be made explicit. If not, the result may be a flood tide of confusion, rather than balmy understanding.

CLARK T. IRWIN, JR.,
University of Massachusetts,
Amherst, Mass.

PROFESSOR ASIMOV is, in my opinion, altogether right in stating the need for a common language in the world of the future he envisages. Doubt, however, attaches to his further claim that this lingua franca must perforce be English.

To be truly effective, a global language must be placed within reach of practically all of the Earth's people. This means putting the global language into all school systems in the world, on a basis of parity with the national tongues, and could be done only by official action on the part of the world's governments.

There would be a rather simple way of putting to a test both the international prestige of English and its acceptability by nations to which it is not native. Let one nation (preferably a non-English-speaking one) propose to the United Nations that English be adopted by all U.N. members as a second, *fully official* tongue, with provision for its compulsory insertion into all school systems on a parity with national languages. Such a proposal would bring out into the open, once and for all: a) objections to the general principle of a world language for international use; b) specific objections to the use of English in that capacity; c) other possible candidacies for the post.

The discussion of such a motion should be highly enlightening.

MARIO PEI,
Columbia University,
New York, N.Y.

The Alianza Dilemma

RE: "Beginning Anew in Latin America" by Senator Edward M. Kennedy [*SR*, Oct. 17]. Senator Kennedy's refreshing call to a renewal of the social and political ideals of the Alliance for Progress over traditional U.S. emphasis on stability in Latin America neatly summarizes the recommendations of many North and Latin American analysts and critics of U.S. hemispheric policy. On the other hand, Senator Kennedy does not consistently come to grips with some of the fundamental dilemmas posed by such renewal.

Allow me to offer one illustration. The Senator ostensibly disassociates himself from Governor Rockefeller's recommendation that the United States view with favor the nationalistic or developmental claims of a "new" Latin American militarism, presumably on the ground that militarism and democracy do not mix. In the same vein, the Senator ostensibly laments the fall of the nonmilitary Belaúnde government in Peru in the fall of 1968, a government that had been "responsive to the democratic ideas of the alliance." According to Senator Kennedy's analysis, a "crucial" role in setting up Belaúnde's ouster by the Peruvian military goes to our State Department by reason of the debilitating pressure applied when alliance funds for social and economic programs in Peru were withheld.

What the Senator unfortunately does not mention is that the State Department's action in the Belaúnde case was in accordance with the amendment to the 1968 foreign-assistance appropriations bill, requiring a reduction in alliance economic aid at least equal to the developing country's expenditures on advanced weaponry, such as jets or missiles. Belaúnde's government had decided to spend some $20-million on twelve French Mirage supersonic jet aircraft despite U.S. pressure to forgo such expenditure. Senator Kennedy himself voted for the amended bill. How is this confusion clarified when the Senator asserts that "to overcome similar situations we must encourage private investment. . ."?

Let's hear from our policy-shapers a more precise recommendation on how to solve the dilemma involved in our boldly and nobly insisting that our alliance aid go for expenditures on more "developmental" projects, without also effectively intervening in the decision-making processes of a democratic government or, worse still, determining its fate. Or can we somehow have it both ways?

Without more satisfactory analysis of such dilemmas, I am less sure than Senator Kennedy about our "capacity [and] talent" to "help bring about the transformation of Latin America without violent and bloody disorder."

ROBERT A. MONSON,
Assistant Professor of Political Science,
University of Arkansas,
Fayetteville, Ark.

"If everybody's doing it, is it still a sin?"

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Will the Real Shakespeare Please Stand Up?

by BENJAMIN DEMOTT

SHAKESPEARE'S LIVES, by S. Schoenbaum *(Oxford, 838 pp., $12.50);* **SHAKESPEARE, by Anthony Burgess** *(Knopf, 272 pp., $15);* **THE SOLE VOICE: Character Portraits from Shakespeare, by Philip Burton** *(Dial, 432 pp., $8.95);* **THE SHAKESPEAREAN STAGE, 1574-1642, by Andrew Gurr** *(Cambridge, 202 pp., $9.50; paperback, $2.75);* **ASIMOV'S GUIDE TO SHAKESPEARE, Vol. I: The Greek, Roman, and Italian Plays; Vol. II: The English Plays, by Isaac Asimov** *(Doubleday, 723 and 843 pp., $12.50 each);* **IAGO: Some Approaches to the Illusion of His Motivation, by Stanley Edgar Hyman** *(Atheneum, 180 pp., $5.95)*

> As all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare, is—*that he was born at Stratford upon Avon,—married and had children there,—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays,—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried,*—I must confess my readiness to combat every unfounded supposition respecting the particular occurrences of his life.
>
> —George Steevens (1780)

We could know little about him; we wanted to know everything. Given the circumstances, we did what we could, and the record of our doings, as assembled and assessed by S. Schoenbaum in *Shakespeare's Lives,* is by turns fascinating, chastening, funny, and sad—a rich showing-forth of the nature and consequences of intellectual frustration. Much that was done, for the purpose of achieving a comfortable intimacy with the unknowable playwright, was innocuous. Small humanizing stories were made up and passed on, smilingly, confidently, and in time they hardened and gained authority in print.

BENJAMIN DEMOTT is the author of the essay collections *Supergrow* and *You Don't Say,* as well as two novels, *The Body's Cage* and *A Married Man.*

The playwright-to-be was conceived of, in his teens, as a poacher unlucky enough to be caught:

> The story [was] marvelously embroidered. It [was] said that a farmhouse on a spot of rising ground in the park at Charlecote called Daisy Hill was formerly the keeper's lodge; thither Shakespeare was conveyed and held prisoner at the time of the charge. Someone [suggested] that Shakespeare stole the buck to celebrate his wedding day; according to other gossip, he not only took the game but also seduced the keeper's daughter. On the other hand, some theorized that Shakespeare was no poacher but a popular hero asserting the rights of free forestry, and therefore incurring the wrath of the lord of the manor. It [was] said that, after having had Shakespeare whipped, [Sir Thomas Lucy] put him, like Kent, in the stocks. Another report [held] that Sir Thomas, intending not to punish the malefactor but only to frighten and reclaim him, told the latter's family, whereupon the exasperated poet composed [a] ballad and thus aroused Lucy's fury. Late in the eighteenth century we learn that Sir Thomas's anger drove Shakespeare "to the extreme end of ruin," from which he was rescued by the gracious intercession of the Queen. A still later report holds that the Earl of Leicester prevailed upon Sir Thomas to relent in his persecution of Shakespeare. In modern times most . . . responsible scholars would reject the entire episode as traditionary romance.

Or the lad was seen familiarly, generously, as some kind of shoeshine boy scrapping his way up from the bottom:

> Davenant is the ultimate source of the story that the dramatist began his career in London by holding horses outside the theater. This story, it was said, Davenant told to Betterton [the actor], who passed it along to Rowe [an early biographer], who mentioned it to Pope, who then repeated it to Dr.

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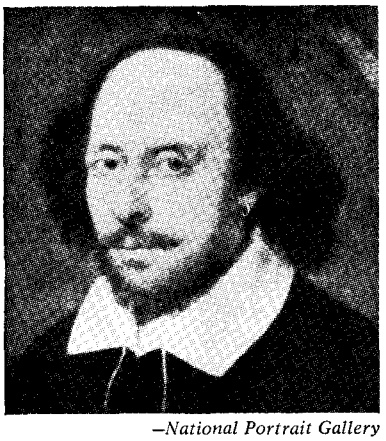
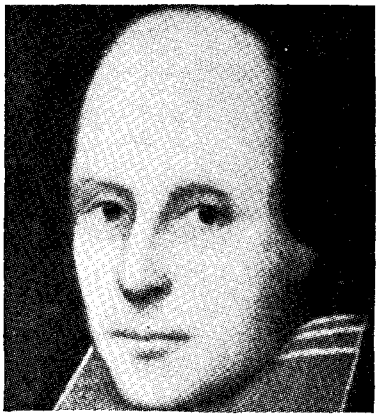
The Faces of William Shakespeare



—*National Portrait Gallery*

The Chandos Portrait

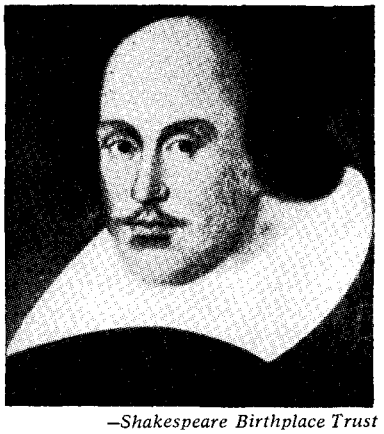


—*Folger Library*

The Felton Portrait

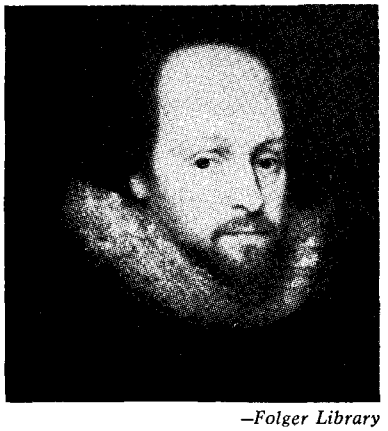
—*Royal Shakespeare Theatre*

The Flower Portrait



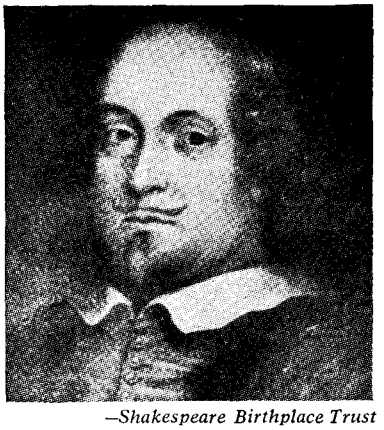
—*Shakespeare Birthplace Trust*

The Ely Palace Portrait



—*Folger Library*

The Ashbourne Portrait



—*Shakespeare Birthplace Trust*

The Hunt Portrait

Thomas Newton, the editor of Milton; Newton in turn gave it to an unnamed gentleman, who communicated it to Robert Shiels, Johnson's amanuensis, who delivered it to print in 1753 in *The Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland, to the Time of Dean Swift.*

And the eighteenth century, whatever its other uptightnesses, was at least worshipful enough to manufacture relics and souvenirs:

> "Lately I passed through Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire. . . .," wrote Georg Lichtenberg on 18 October 1775: "I saw his house and sat on his chair, from which people are beginning to cut away pieces. I made them cut me out some of it for one shilling." The Hon. John Byng in 1785 bought a slice of the oak chair "the size of a tobacco-stopper," and also the lower crossbar. Yet in 1790 this article of furniture was, remarkably, still able to support the Princess Czartoryska, who came from Poland to the Birthplace in the same spirit of adoration that carried others to the shrine of the Lady of Loretto. So enamored did she become of the chair on which the Matchless Bard had pressed his sacred posterior that four months later she dispatched her secretary to obtain it at any price; he paid twenty guineas, and received with the treasure a certificate of authenticity on stamped paper. . . . In the fullness of time there would be added to relics exhibited in Stratford a Spanish card and dice box presented to Shakespeare by the Prince of Castile, remains of the matchlock (also Spanish) with which the poet shot the deer in Charlecote Park, and "A gold Tissue Toilet or Table Cover" presented to him by "his friend and admirer, Queen Elizabeth."

But much that was invented by those who sought to possess the man was less seemly and more ponderable. Since there was scarcely any documentary evidence about Shakespeare's "momentary self," his personal responses or the particulars of his dailiness, people like William Henry Ireland, an eighteenth-century forger, began tarting up documents: promissory agreements, deeds, deathbed notes. "As I nowe fynde mye houre of sycknesse faste comynge onn," [wrote Ireland-Shakespeare], "I doe orderre thatte thys atte mye dethe thys lyttell booke of Prayerre bee givenne toe mye wife ande atte herre dethe thatte she leave itte toe mye daughterre . . . thatte soe itte maye keepe inne oure house. . . ."

Only a little later John Payne Collier, who had to his credit major contributions to substantive knowledge of the Elizabethans, created false Shakespeare papers establishing with precision the Bard's income, his financial relationships with his partners, his experience as a tutor of child actors, etc. Moreover, Collier seems to have believed for years in his own inventions. ". . . one has the eerie feeling that Collier mesmerized himself," says Mr. Schoenbaum, as he details passages in which the man speaks convincingly about the exhilaration of his "discoveries," or "admits to the delight" of "confirmation" he manufactured. Long after this forger is found out he protests his innocence; and then at the end, aged ninety-three, he repents most movingly, in an almost illegible scrawl:

> I am bitterly sad and most sincerely grieved that in every way I am such a despicable offender I am ashamed of almost every act of my life
>
> J. Payne Collier
> Nearly blind
>
> My repentance is bitter and sincere

Theft too, figures in this extraordinary record of possessive dementia and negative incapability. The great Shakespeare scholar Halliwell (Halliwell-Phillipps, to some) was shameless-

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How Gary Hale's grasses help restore mined land

Gary Hale is one of Bethlehem's experts in land reclamation, with a record of success in transforming surface-mined slopes in eastern Kentucky into usable, productive land. It's not an easy job.

The terrain of our Kentucky mining properties is mountainous. Soil conditions vary. After an area is surface mined, vast quantities of displaced earth and rock must be graded and seeded promptly to prevent erosion. Trees are planted on "benches" and outslopes. Even then, successful reclamation takes time . . . time for seeds to germinate . . . for root systems to develop . . . for vegetation to take hold and thrive.

In restoring this land to productive use, Gary cannot rely on guesswork. He must know in advance which grass covers will produce fast, reliable results. That's why he tackled the problem scientifically.

He found the answers by planting large tracts of mined land with a variety of experimental grasses and legumes: Crown Vetch, Kentucky 31 Fescue, Kobe and Korean Lespedeza, Bi-Color Lespedeza, Millet, Sunflower, Timothy, Ladino and Sweet Clover, Rye and Winter Rye, Bristly Locust . . . and others.

These experiments showed the characteristics of each species under actual field conditions. As a result, Gary is able to select with assurance those grasses and legumes that will best restore aesthetic beauty to the land . . . stabilize the soil against erosion . . . provide quick cover while residual grasses and shrubs develop . . . create usable sites for homes, build pasture for cattle grazing, attract both song birds and game birds, as well as rabbits, squirrels, chipmunks, and other wildlife.

Land reclamation, especially in mountainous terrain, is a relatively new science, and reclaimers like Gary Hale are still helping us write the book. Bethlehem first took steps toward scientific control and restoration of lands more than 40 years ago. But we are still learning more about doing a better job. We want to be a good neighbor wherever we have operations.

BETHLEHEM STEEL

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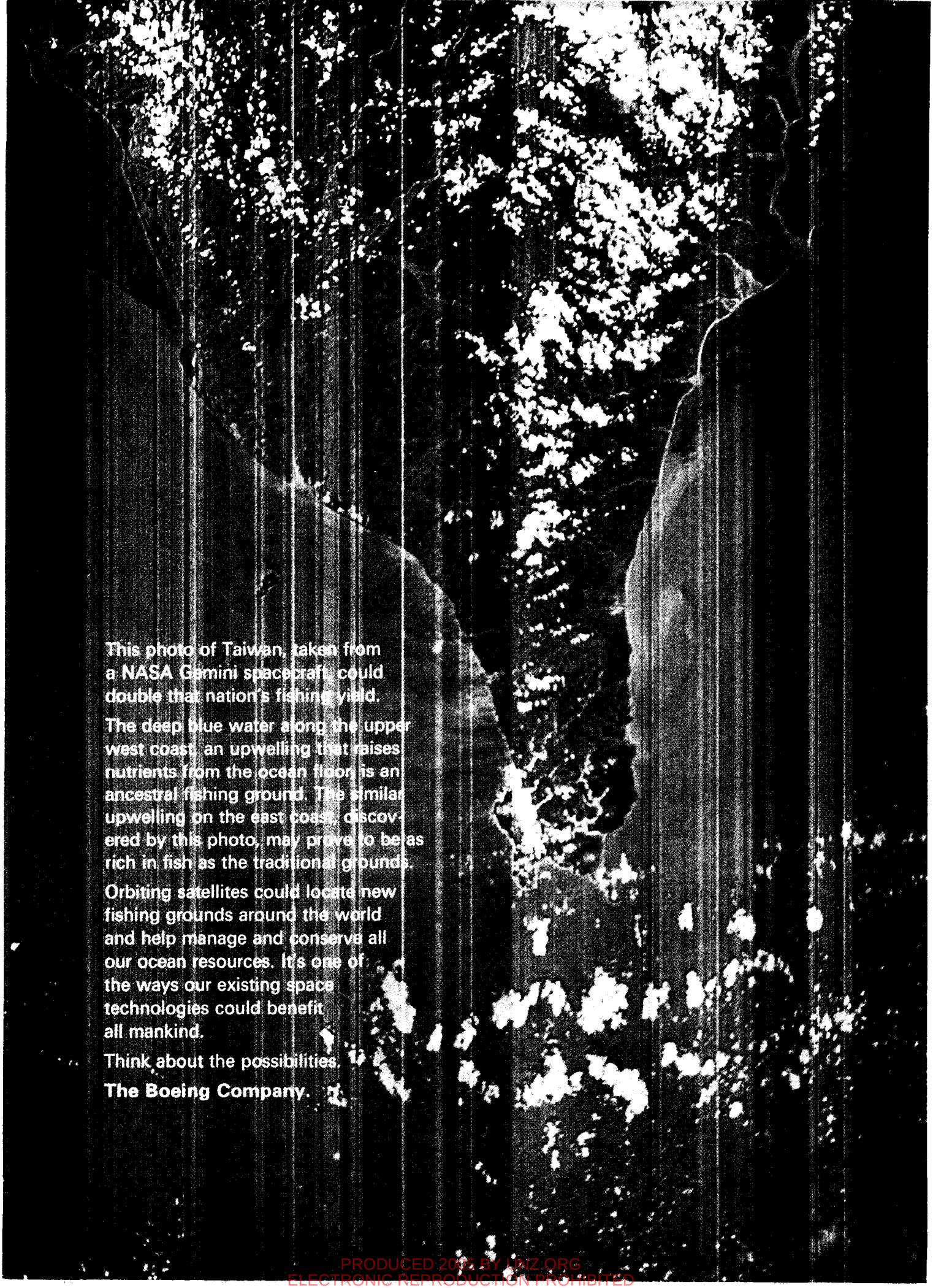

This photo of Taiwan, taken from a NASA Gemini spacecraft, could double that nation's fishing yield.

The deep blue water along the upper west coast, an upwelling that raises nutrients from the ocean floor, is an ancestral fishing ground. The similar upwelling on the east coast, discovered by this photo, may prove to be as rich in fish as the traditional grounds.

Orbiting satellites could locate new fishing grounds around the world and help manage and conserve all our ocean resources. It's one of the ways our existing space technologies could benefit all mankind.

Think about the possibilities.

The Boeing Company.

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ly larcenous. He stole one of the two extant copies of the First Quarto of *Hamlet* from his own father-in-law-to-be, and disfigured it, declaring that he had no compunctions whatever about rifling any private or public library. E. V. Lucas reported Halliwell's frank remark that "if he ever chanced to see anything in anyone else's house or in a museum that he thought he was more worthy to possess, and (obviously) more able to protect, than its owner, he had no scruples about taking it. This may have been a humorous and idle boast; but he said it."

Several other forms of possessive dementia that litter the Shakespeare record are at least as troubling as the acts of the forgers and thieves. Consider, for example, the frequency with which biographers treated the Sonnets as vehicles for their own unconscious self-analysis. Samuel Butler's biographical reading "reveals" a Shakespeare "enticed to a rendezvous with [a] sailor boy, [where] a pederastic interlude takes place; later we are told that 'the love of the English poet for Mr. W. H. was, though only for a short time, more Greek than English.'" Butler goes on, disingenuously, to "forgive" the playwright: "Alas! it is just the poetic temperament which by reason of its very catholicity is least likely to pass scatheless."

But, as Mr. Schoenbaum persuasively argues, Butler was in fact only "projecting himself as the victimized poet." He himself was guilt-struck about his own inversion, and, in the act of pardoning the Bard, "came to terms with himself." He had been lured and fleeced of six or seven thousand pounds by a Victorian cruiser named Charles Paine Pauli, a man who "had another keeper, made a comfortable income from his legal practice, and left a substantial fortune," not a penny of which went to the author of *Erewhon*. As Schoenbaum laconically observes, "Butler would not forget Pauli when he studied the Sonnets."

Or consider the endless succession of snobbery-ridden nonbelievers in Shakespeare—Baconians, Oxfordians, and the like—a crew that isn't limited to chuckle-making names like Looney, Schmucker, and Mrs. Gallup, but includes men as great as Freud. Over and above these searchers after the True Life stand truly sad hearts like Mrs. Hester Dowden and Mrs. Natalie Rice Clark.

Mrs. Dowden, daughter of the Dublin Shakespeare authority, conversed regularly in séance with Shakespeare, Bacon, and Oxford. "I was quick at knowing what would be effective on the stage," Shakespeare told her flatly. "I would find a plot (*Hamlet* was one),

(*Continued on page* 46)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

The Making of Social Progress

I FOUND EMMET HUGHES'S REVIEW of Barry Goldwater's *The Conscience of a Majority* [*SR*, *Oct.* 17] reasonably even-handed, except where his sympathies showed somewhat strongly. His attempt to find a contradiction between the Goldwater-Agnew conception of a retrenchment of "public" power coincident with an expansion of "police" power is indeed straining after gnats.

However, it is in Professor Hughes's envoi to the reader that I found myself somewhat disturbed. He fears for the country if the mood of the majority becomes that of the "Innocent Majority," and he quotes Edmund Burke respecting the triumph of evil. I think Professor Hughes's obvious position that the liberals are the "goodies" and the conservatives the "baddies" is too simplistic. He has simply forgotten that the only true reactionary is the man satisfied with the status quo. If the ideal of the conservatives is to draw from the values of the past, can Unamuno be wrong in saying that the liberals also draw their ideals from the same source, and that the leavening of one by the other, as these ideals polarize, is the making of social progress?

WILLIAM S. FISHER,
Berlin, N.J.

IN HIS FINE REVIEW of Goldwater's book Mr. Hughes's reference to anti-intellectualism in the American character reminds me of the hugest irony of the modern age; that American democracy was founded and justified upon the principle that all men were reasonable and therefore capable of governing themselves. The "silent majority's" distrust of education and its current leaders' rampant illogic lead me to the conclusion that Jefferson and his philosophic cohorts may simply have been wrong about the nature of man.

The Age of Unreason truly is nigh when those who seek to re-examine our Founding Fathers' writings in the light of today's crises are adjudged traitors, when the red, white and blue symbols of democratic principles become more important than the principles themselves, when property becomes more valuable than human life, when the people themselves deliver up their bloodily won decision-making and problem-solving powers unto the hands of policemen and soldiers. Long live Hamilton! Anyone for king?

ANN J. NIXON,
Ithaca, N.Y.

Inconsistency?

IN THE OCT. 24 BOOK FORUM appears a letter from Harris H. Hirschberg with reference to Senator Goldwater's review of the Lindbergh *Journals*. I have repeatedly seen the statement to the effect that Hitler killed six million Jews, and have only seen this figure questioned in one or two isolated instances. The Hirschberg letter states in part as follows: ". . . A nation of 70 million had in their midst considerably less than 500,000 Jews. I can testify to this: I was the Rabbi of a German congregation at that time, and the scion of a long line of German Jews. . . ."

The next paragraph states, with reference to Senator Goldwater, that ". . . he, as an admitted half-Jew, might have shared the fate of six million innocent human beings who fell victims to the Hitler Holocaust. . . ."

Is there some explanation for the apparent inconsistency?

H. M. HOLDER,
Shreveport, La.

SENATOR GOLDWATER WOULD HAVE US believe that superior moral judgment is indicated in Lindbergh's equating of German treatment of Jews with ours of "Japs" as part of his reflections that war is demeaning to all men [*SR*, Oct. 3]. Is there no need for instinct (if nothing else) to reflect on the calculated horror that was the German policy of genocide?

Mass graves would offend anyone's sensibilities. And I am sure that many Japanese died needlessly, some brutally, and that some prisoners were shot. But these were aberrations, not policy. And the vast majority of Japanese buried in mass graves were soldiers killed in combat.

We know, as a result of our experience in Vietnam, that war has a dehumanizing effect. There has been more deep concern voiced over this in the last five years than possibly the previous 5,000. But we do have a justifiable concept of a difference between our society and that of Nazi Germany. Every aspect of this difference is precious to us.

STANLEY E. KRAVIT,
Columbia, Mo.

Bountiful Banquet

PROFESSOR MELVIN TUMIN SEEMS TO BE suffering the usual academic bellyache from his timid sampling of the bountiful banquet spread by Robert Ardrey's *The Social Contract* [*SR*, Oct. 24]. So many of our pompous pedants, reared upon an unvaried diet of predigested pap dribbling from "accepted" sources, clinging to the shelter of "recognized" authority so their togas will not be sullied by association with unapproved surmises, forget that today's dogma was yesterday's conjecture. The Gospel According to Scott, Foresman is not Holy Writ to the eager, inquiring mind. Through the ages, the Tree of Knowledge unfolds one leaf at a time; thus each generation of pedagogues has a new blanket of Ultimate Truth with which to smother the minds of their helpless charges.

MARSHALL L. LEVIN,
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

No sooner had Heinrich Wolfflin of Berlin, a specialist in the fine arts, coined the word in 1915 to describe certain anti-classical forms and tensions in Renaissance art and literature, than the search for the baroque began. Spain, Italy, and Austria were the favorite hunting grounds. France, proud of the neoclassicism that had dominated Europe for more than a century, was the last country to discover it also had baroque art, but now it is making up for lost time. Every other year France holds an international congress in Montauban on baroque. The semiannual *Baroque, Revue internationale* asked rhetorically in its first issue: *Peut-on définir le Baroque?* The subsequent numbers show the contributors adhering to a rigid definition, separating works in this category from those designated as Mannerist, Metaphysical, or even Neoclassicist. The misuse of the word, incidentally, was never better illustrated than by the *New Statesman* commentator who alluded to the "baroque details of the Profumo scandal."

Two veteran French novelists continue to resist traditional narrative structures. Marguerite Duras (known here not only for her novels but for the scenario of *Hiroshima mon amour*) has just published *Abahn Sabana David* (Gallimard). In this allegorical dialogue the Wandering Jew Abahn comes to Staadt to subvert the iron rule of the dictator Gringo, who is supported by the capitalists *(marchands)*. Abahn is not a convinced communist, having spent time in the concentration camp of the "Soviet Judea," but preaches "moving toward communism without building it." The young David, a hireling of Gringo's forces, comes with his sweetheart Sabana to liquidate Abahn in the latter's home. The Jew will be killed, but is it because he is a Jew or a subversive? David will do the killing, but out of conviction or because he covets Abahn's wealth? Mme. Duras retreats into incoherence and even laughter, leaving us in doubt and confusion. The critic Luc Estang remarks ironically of this enigmatic work: "It is a reactionary hope these days to expect coherence and clarity, especially in a revolutionary novel."

Jean Orieux's *Alcide, or the Flight to the Desert* (Stock) is hardly a novel, but a succession of detached scenes in which a fifty-year-old eccentric lords it over his wife and neighbors in a provincial town. Scenes are contrived throughout so that Alcide may take center stage with his black humor and his witty maxims. His paradoxes are sometimes reminiscent of Voltaire, of whom Orieux is a biographer. For example, Alcide envies the collaborators condemned to death after the Liberation, for they are entering a void, a vacuum in which he would like to live, where "no man will breathe the same air as I." His Calvinistic misanthropy is explained by the fact that he is a descendant of Huguenots, living in a Catholic country where he feels out of place. Alcide is thus comparable to the provincial marchioness in Orieux's prize-winning *Fontagre* (Bitter Spring) of 1946, who, though destitute, clings to her aristocratic prejudices and is thus out of joint with life.

Manuel Andújar's new trilogy *Vísperas* (The Eve Before) is another of Editorial Andorra's contributions to the publishing of works by exiled authors, such as Max Aub, Ramón Sender, Francisco Ayala, Serrano Poncela. An ex-Republican refugee now living in Mexico, this modest writer from Jaén has been scarcely recognized by his homeland. The trilogy is made up of three tales, "The Plain," "The Vanquished," and "Lázaro's Destiny," which take place on the eve of the Primo de Rivera dictatorship. Each story is a character-study of individuals molded or dominated by the three types of regional society—the plain, a mining town, and a seaport (Málaga).

Two de luxe editions from Spain demand attention. Gregorio Prieto's *Lorca en color* (Editora Nacional) is a lavishly produced homage to the poet. Ever since they met at his first exhibition of paintings, the artist has made a cult of Lorca. Prieto selects for comment and illustration (drawings and paintings) a dozen moments or themes from the poet's life, from his boyhood at Fuente Vaqueros to his death. One

chapter is made up of Lorca's own bizarre drawings and paintings, with Prieto's explications. The book is also courageous: it mentions (sympathetically and in passing) Lorca's homophilia, and reminds us (quoting Edgar Neville) that his murderers still walk the streets. To demonstrate the lasting popularity of Lorca, Prieto concludes with testimonies from the "flower" or "rock" generation.

Equally delightful for Hispanophiles, especially aficionados of the gypsy dances Lorca loved, is Aguilar's oversized volume *Teoría y práctica del Baile Flamenco*, prepared *con amor* by Teresa Martínez de la Peña. Its three sections cover the history of flamenco dancing, the technique of the dance and its movements, and finally instruction, with diagrams and photographs, in the basic steps. (Had you noticed that males dance with fingers closed, females with them open?) As if this were not enough, the book is accompanied by LP records on which the guitar of Félix de Utrera guides us through the rhythms of the *alegrías, soleares, farruca,* and the rest. It makes you wish you were back at La Zambra in Madrid, with Rosa Durán responding to her *duende* and turning on her magic.

While the world applauds the award of the Nobel Prize to Alexander Solzhenitsyn, the Soviet censors continue to cling to their archaic controls. The latest occasion was this year's twelfth Congress of the All-Russian Theater Society, where criticisms were made of recent interpretations of such classics as Molière's *Tartuffe* and Chekhov's *Three Sisters*. The aristarchs complained that "there are unfortunately few new plays about the Soviet man of our times in this Lenin year," and producers and players were urged to "help honest artists of the West to find the path to genuine democracy, to realism." They are not to model themselves on those moral failures of the West who are "fettered by the power of the money bag: Jean Vilar, Laurence Olivier, Paul Scofield, Jean-Louis Barrault, Peter Brook."

Even detective novels in Russia must be ideologically impeccable, as illustrated in Dimitri Tarasenkov's *The Man in the Through Passage (Yunost* magazine). A middle-aged man in a Baltic resort town is murdered on the street in broad daylight. The victim, it appears, knew too much about Centaur, a former collaborationist with the Nazis who had sent partisans to their death. Retribution of course catches up with the Centaur. Grades: for the depiction of a variety of characters and of the Baltic town, B+; for ideology, A+.

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THE BRITISH:
Portrait of a People

by Anthony Glyn

Putnam, 381 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Alexander Kendrick

■ In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, the Gilbert and Sullivan Englishman has merely become a Britishman. Anthony Glyn has said it, and it's greatly to his credit that he has written a lively, entertaining, and insightful book about the Bulldog Breed, new style.

Mr. Glyn's point is (fie, fo, and fum) that the blood of a Britishman, as in King Lear, is not quite the same as that of an Englishman, not even that of the traditional Briton. The latter could be English, Scottish, Welsh, Cornish, even Northern Irish. But Britishness, as defined here, goes beyond the accepted regional, racial, and cultural distinctions. Even West Indians and Pakistanis, as well as many non-Commonwealth types, have been added to the new British melting pot, as Angles, Saxons, Danes, Jutes, Celts, Romans, and Normans made up the old.

Britishness becomes finally primarily a state of mind and a pattern of social habits, and Mr. Glyn's exploration of British mores, moods, character, and idiosyncrasies—all the way from the worship of horses, to being hooked on tea, to the "Byron syndrome" of romantic quest abroad—is at the same time a delightful reading excursion and a serious piece of work, drawing upon history, biography, psychology, and what in the 1930s was called Mass Observation.

Some exceptions will undoubtedly be filed to the transformation of Englishman into Britishman. There remains a difference, and *vive la différence!*

Britain is the political state, and what used to be the empire. England is the idea, the sentiment, the image. British is the method. English is the style. British is the medium, English the message.

Thus, it was Britannia that ruled the waves, and the British grenadier who conquered, but it was mad dogs and Englishmen who went out in the midday sun. It was the Battle of Britain that was fought and won, but it's to be in England that the poet sighs, now that April's here. Britons never, never shall be slaves, but it is England that is the Mother of Parliaments, that is Merrie, that is celebrated for its roast beef. Passports are British. What is put on the ball is English. Tweeds are British. Suits are English-cut.

In short, it is easy to believe that God is an Englishman, but that doesn't make Him a Britishman.

As a Britishman who lives outside his own country, Mr. Glyn must know that the differentiation between Englishmen and Scots, important as it is on both sides of the Firth of Forth, is over the heads of most other people. In what used to be Nyasaland, in southeast Africa, the white man's burden was borne almost entirely by Scots. They were naturally known as the English. Among the Wogs, who begin at Calais, there are no Britishmen, only Inglees.

Conceding, however, that there is now a species called the Britishman, it is exhilarating to watch Mr. Glyn plumb him to his depths. There is, for example, that noblest British tradition, the cult of the loser, especially if he is a tragic loser. Queen Boadicea, King Arthur, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Thomas à Becket, and Guy Fawkes, losers all, are revered above the winners. Dunkirk is remembered while Waterloo is forgotten. Scott of the Antarctic is the perfect British hero.

Of course Mr. Glyn might be called bonkers by a rooter for Manchester United, engaged at Wembley for the Football Association Cup and determined to win, not merely Play the Game. It might be hard also to reconcile the asserted British disdain for medals ("Oh, that? They were passing them out with the rations.") with the British respect for uniforms, love of dressing up, and zest for ceremonial of any kind. But a whole people cannot be limned, any more than maligned.

Nor is the game of national admiration a simple one. Why are there statues of George Washington in London, and none of Cornwallis? Here the British admiration for a loser runs smack into British admiration for a gallant and smaller foe. Mr. Glyn hastens to add that Washington would be held in even higher esteem if he had fallen in the hour of triumph. And presumably the Light Brigade would not be as celebrated in song, story, and screen play if its charge at Balaklava had been not only magnificent but victorious.

It may be over-facile, moreover, to say that Churchill was voted out of office in 1945 because, as the winner, he was less to British taste than the defiant underdog of 1940. For this is ignoring the changes wrought in Britain by the war itself, changes since intensified by the loss of empire, and not yet completed, as the island race fumbles for a new role in Europe.

Incidentally, Mr. Glyn sees no future in the Commonwealth for Britain, indeed opposes any. His rationale for past empire actually is absent-mindedness, or at least accident, an explanation that might be regarded as British understatement by the Ashantis, the Zulus, and the Indian sepoys.

Where is perfidious Albion, where is John Bull? As the British retreat from East of Suez, was it all a midsummer night's dream?

Mr. Glyn isn't saying. In the current political argument, he seems to be Little Englander rather than Great Briton. But there is really very little politics in his book, and more's the pity. He might have had some sport with it.

Well, no matter. Let us press on into the Britishman's eating and drinking habits. They have changed, Mass Observation correctly reports, from trenchermen's meals to the slimming kind, from huge slabs of cold roast beef (though hot roast beef is always cut very thin) to TV dinners and frozen fish-fingers. As for wetting the whistle,

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

GREAT AND SMALL

Let the young folks take the first crack at matching the names in Column One with their identifications in Column Two. Florence Holmes Ryan of Memphis, Tenn., is confident that the adults will then easily fill in the rest, and cite an author for each creature. The water hole is on page 45.

1. archy ( )	A. dog	a. Adamson
2. Bilbo ( )	B. fairy	b. Barrie
3. Charley ( )	C. giantess	c. Baum
4. Elsa ( )	D. hobbit	d. Chase
5. Frankenstein ( )	E. horse	e. James
6. Harvey ( )	F. lioness	f. Kipling
7. Glinda ( )	G. magician	g. Malory
8. Glumdalclitch ( )	H. man	h. Marquis
9. Merlin ( )	I. rabbit	i. Shelley
10. Shere Khan ( )	J. roach	j. Steinbeck
11. Smoky ( )	K. tiger	k. Swift
12. Tinker Bell ( )	L. witch	l. Tolkien

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being drunk as a lord referred of course to a British lord—quite a few spring to mind—but drinking habits have changed from swilling beer or sack to a fair amount of winemanship. The British see themselves as the true connoisseurs of Europe. Even the horny-handed Ernie Bevin fancied a good Newts St. Georges. Mr. Glyn takes us on a pub crawl that evokes nostalgia in anyone who has ever waited thirstily for his local to open its doors, and presents the British drinking man at his friendliest and best.

Then there is tea, a drink that is not really related to thirst. It will be news to many Americans that this universal solvent and elixir of life was a late starter in Britain, unknown to the Elizabethans, unmentioned in Shakespeare, a side-effect, indeed, of the British Raj in India. It was also, Mr. Glyn reminds us, the drink that lost an empire, referring to the Boston Tea Party.

Still, without it the Britishman today "would be unable to act, to think, even to live." Of course, to understand the British, their tea must be drunk as they drink it, "hot, fresh, strong, milky and sweet," many, many times a day. Various British tea rituals, including that of the bedside tea-alarm clock, beat anything the Japanese ever thought up.

British army officers are served only coffee for breakfast. The "other ranks" get only tea. This is a social distinction, but considering the normal vileness of British coffee, Mr. Glyn might have indicated who he thinks is being discriminated against.

Then there are animals, in a country where a dog's judgment of a man's character is accepted above any other man's. Love of animals Mr. Glyn traces to the lack of communication inside the British family, which he calls untogetherness. This is particularly so with regard to the treatment of children. The boarding school, begun at the age of eight, is renowned in fact and fiction for its caning and beating. But even at home the belief prevails, adopted from the Duchess in Wonderland, that it is necessary to beat your baby until it sneezes. The typical British father holds that not only has he the right to beat his children, but that a good beating never did a boy any harm, that he probably deserves it, and that anyway he shouldn't make a fuss about it. Put it down to tribal discipline, Biblical rectitude, and perhaps overcrowding. And if the British seem to be afraid of spoiling their children, who is to quarrel with them, now that Americans have become aware of the perils of permissiveness?

Antisocial behavior exists not only in but between families. The British love of privacy is very real. The country's hedges are not so much horticultural as psychological barriers. The Britishman's home is truly his castle. Menace lurks everywhere outside, and the stranger threatens. No wonder the British devour detective stories. No wonder Harold Pinter is a successful playwright. And who does not know of the Britishmen who ride for hours in trains, even across foreign countries, without speaking, because they have not been introduced?

British humor, as purveyed by *Punch*, is aware of the situation. For the most part, however, Mr. Glyn finds British humor to be based on the kipper, the mother-in-law, the bailiff, the seaside landlady, the honeymoon couple, a regional accent, and the principle that an unfunny joke becomes funny by repetition. One might demur at his claim of Chaplin as a British clown, symbolizing Jack the Giant Killer. This is being too British by half.

In Britain, we are told, everybody knows and plays by the rules, and when they are broken, everybody knows that, too, as when the Prince of Wales was admitted to Cambridge without the necessary entry qualifications. There is no need to advise a British criminal of his rights, and of course the Marquis of Queensberry was a Britishman.

What went into the making of the modern Britishman? Often Mr. Glyn describes rather than explains. He has perhaps not made as much as should be made of institutions like the monarchy, the popular press, the nanny, or of the climate and the gigantic British sweet tooth; and we never find out why the British persist in driving on the left side of the road. He is also scanty on foreign and notably American influences, on the entry of racism into the right little, tight little isle.

On the other hand, he sparkles with his observations on the British mania for gambling (the national battle cry is "Have a go!"). His examination of the British attitude to work, revealed in his story of his own job in a bottle factory, is priceless, and explains everything that governs the relationship of "us and them."

Class differences still exist everywhere in Britain, but Mr. Glyn rightly points out that mobility from class to class has constantly become easier. Indeed a Britishman, provided he is careful of his accent, will be accepted in whatever class he chooses to join.

So, as it breasts the Seventies, the more it changes, the more it is the same. There'll always be an England, and a Britishman.

Alexander Kendrick spent ten years in London as a correspondent and news analyst for CBS.

—From the book

Lady Bird Johnson

A WHITE HOUSE DIARY

by Lady Bird Johnson

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 806 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Gladys Culligan

■ Lady Bird Johnson's memoir would make such a dandy television serial that presumably only the problem of casting deters the moguls at CBS or NBC from announcing such a project. Hallmarks of soap opera abound: picturesque characters, crucial decisions, high-pitched emotions, homely wisdom, heart-warming sentiment, country virtues pitted against urban fleshpots.

Will the little housewife from Gillespie County, Texas, know how to act amidst a clutch of royalty? (No. At the funeral of King Paul of Greece, "kindly" Queen Juliana of the Netherlands prompted the First Lady to remove one glove. Mrs. Johnson was grateful. "How else would I ever have known?") Will she have enough spareribs to go around when 200 guests drop in for lunch? Will last year's party dress do for a night on the town with the Beautiful People, of whom she is not quite one? Will her naïve daughters see

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through those social climbers and find true-blue American boys for mates? Tune in next week, next month, or next year and find out. Enough crises punctuate Mrs. Johnson's 1,886 days in the executive mansion to furnish three seasons of prime time on the illuminated box.

To cite the melodramatic possibilities of such a script is not, however, to devalue it. Mrs. Johnson's diary, while not the first distaff record of White House life, may be the best on several counts. Foremost of these are its scope and detail, the result of modern electronics as well as of the Johnsons' legatorial concept of office.

Like her husband an eager witness to history, and unlike him a journalism major, Lady Bird was particularly well qualified to soak it all up. She "talked" her diary onto tape systematically, usually between 7 P.M. and the 9, 10, or 11 P.M. dinner hour that became a feature of this hard-working family's life. The resulting "suitcase full of tapes" has been reduced to one-seventh of the original. Though still over-long at 783 pages, the book distilled from her immediate spoken record throbs with a communicated excitement.

Characteristically leaving stage center to Lyndon, "Bird" (as her friends call her) stresses the human rather than the political dimensions of high office. Yet she does shed light on a controversial point: President Johnson's self-declared reluctance to run for his only full term. Last December, when Mr. Johnson retroactively confided to a television audience that he had considered refusing the 1964 Democratic nomination, much of the press scoffed. Not surprisingly, Mrs. Johnson seconds his claim that her memo persuaded him to run; more significantly, she makes comprehensible the ambivalence that led to contradictions in his stance.

Her own indecision about their joint future surfaced in May 1964, more than three months before the nominating convention. Five doctors met with and advised the First Lady before she wrote "a nine-page analysis" of her husband's situation. Quoted extracts are notable for clear-headed comprehension of his alternatives. The decision was quite possibly fatal, in view of his heart attack ten years earlier. Yet physical health was not the prime criterion. "My final conclusion was that . . . he ought to run, facing clearly all the criticisms and hostilities that would come our way, pacing himself as well as his personality will permit . . . and then three years and nine months from now . . . announce that he won't be a candidate. . . . By that time, I think, the juices of life will be sufficiently stilled in him . . . so that he can . . . return to the Ranch, and . . . live . . . quietly."

This recurrent conflict between "the juices of life" and the burden of office provides a central theme for Mrs. Johnson's memoir. Repeatedly, she weighs her fear of Lyndon's "physical or mental incapacitation" against her wry recognition of his need to lead. By April 1965 she begins to think he might accept retirement, but she is never sure. "I have always believed that he had to stay lashed to the mast until the last gasp of breath," she notes drily while recording signs of a new "yearning toward the days of peace."

Such vivid phrasing alternates with adjectives that will make sophisticates wince. Men are too often "handsome," women "nice," and events "delicious" or "thrilling." Yet, when Mrs. Johnson confides that "I feel like I am suddenly onstage for a part I never rehearsed," the cliché becomes fresh because it is real; the reader cannot doubt her sincerity. Evidence of such humility accumulates side by side with a contradictory sense of her underlying faith in provincial values. "I like to show people my way of life," she comments not long after serving pinto beans and slaw to the Chancellor of Germany. A few weeks later, she checks the White

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House guest room for dust before donning evening dress and going down "that rather terrifying staircase" to greet the President of Italy. Witnessing an Arthur Miller tragedy, she unconsciously tops Aristotle: "After watching it you're just as tired as if you'd plowed all day." A thousand such touches dispel the suspicion of artifice that clings to most testaments of public figures.

This "schizophrenic" attitude toward her role and her capacity to handle it was nowhere more apparent than in

her reactions to Jacqueline Kennedy. Like LBJ, Lady Bird undoubtedly suffered from the Camelot legend. Impressed by it herself, she did not entirely succumb. Mrs. Kennedy seemed "like an indescribably fresh flower" fortified by "an element of steel" when the young widow invited her successor to the White House for tea and domestic advice.

Perhaps Mrs. Johnson revenged herself obliquely when she said, of her own first big reception, "If it is 'small town' to try to make every guest at a party feel at ease . . . then I'll cheerfully be labeled 'small town'! I have been to some elegant, sophisticated parties that were also cold and tiresome. I don't want that sort of entertaining in my time here." Many who sampled the hospitality of both First Ladies will confirm that Mrs. Kennedy's parties were formidably grand and Mrs. Johnson's pleasantly intimate. The latter's Southern upbringing must often have triumphed over the personal shyness to which she sometimes alludes but which certainly did not show in her assiduous welcome to guests.

Historians of the executive branch will find her comment on some of these visitors, and on Lyndon himself, to be a quotable blend of kindness and shrewdness, loyalty and defensiveness, resignation and humor. They will also find impressive evidence of the sheer endurance contest that the Presidency has become. Today's technological revolution, by increasing the flow of dignitaries and supplicants who come to the White House on the one hand, and the places to which the First Family must go on the other, threatens to make the job, as originally conceived in the pastoral eighteenth century, impossible. "It's a cram course in geography, sociology and people," Mrs. Johnson once said of her assignment. Chief difficulty is "the rapidity with which one must shift gears, mentally, physically and emotionally," to cope with jet-propelled shifts of time, space, and event.

Week after week, year after year, the Johnsons stretched their days and their nerves by catching dawn planes, eating 2 A.M. dinners, drafting memos and correspondence in the middle of sleepless nights. Lady Bird speculated on the motivation that kept them going: "Does it matter, if you get the job done, whether you get the recognition?" She concluded that it does matter, that "the momentum of success" is the necessary fuel. One year later, a year of increasing tension and criticism, Johnson announced that he would not seek reelection. The tinge of bitterness that occasionally shows in earlier passages fades in a final line borrowed from an Indian lyric: "I seek, to celebrate my glad release, the Tents of Silence and the Camp of Peace."

Silence and peace are the very least that Lady Bird Johnson deserves after the "terrific, pummeling White House days" she preserves for us. Family loyalty is so manifestly strong in her that it may sometimes color her memory, but her energy and cordiality as First Lady are a matter of record.

Glendy Culligan, who teaches at Montgomery College in Maryland, observed First Ladies during seventeen years on the staff of The Washington Post.

THE BERNIE CORNFELD STORY

by Bert Cantor

Lyle Stuart, 320 pp., $8.95

ZECKENDORF:
The Autobiography of
William Zeckendorf

by William Zeckendorf with
Edward McCreary

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 312 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Robert Lekachman

■ Among twentieth-century American heroes only astronauts and Republican Presidents rival for dullness the average corporate executive. It may be true, as across the centuries Adam Smith and John Maynard Keynes agreed, that many human activities are socially more menacing than the quest of profit, but it is certain that competition for corporate power and financial advantage serves to rub smooth the sharp edges of personality and create a legion of gray, interchangeable men. How many conscientious readers of *The New York Times* know or care who is the president of General Motors, ATT, United States Steel, or any of our other corporate behemoths?

One might think that the career of Bernie Cornfeld amounts to one exception at least to this glum generalization. Here is a Brooklyn lad, risen from Boy Scout to social worker, suddenly possessed of a simply lovely, money-spinning notion. Why shouldn't the Europeans, just like their American cousins, profit from the bull market of the 1960s? In this country hordes of mutual fund salesmen, playing upon the basic emotion of greed, offered the humblest citizen a share in Wall Street's cornucopia, and so long as the Dow Jones averages rose and net asset values along with them, everybody was happy.

The conservative Europeans, late starters all, needed Bernie to start them up. This he did. Investors' Overseas Services, Bernie's chosen instrument, persuaded French peasants, Swiss innkeepers, German carpenters, and Italian dentists to take the money out of their mattresses and teapots and turn it over to Bernie's merry men. And, just as in the United States, rising security prices for a spell of time made everybody feel richer. Bernie himself got very, very rich and made of his close collaborators paper millionaires. With his winnings he bought himself a clutch of chateaus, a fleet of limousines, and a host of beautiful companions. His movable court flew in IOS's own jets from watering place to watering place.

Then, as all the world knows, the market broke. Bernie and IOS launched upon a sea of troubles. Our hero lost control of his own creation, assorted rescuers jostled each other in their eagerness to pick up the financial pieces, and Bernie himself did well to rescue a seat on the Board of Directors that he had once dominated. Although for the moment he is down, no student of *chutzpah* would lay odds against his eventual recovery.

And what does the tale prove? In fact, very little. Bernie comes off as a vulgar bore celebrated by a biographer who is another, appropriately enough a former employee of his subject. If Bernie ever said anything clever, Bert Cantor didn't hear it. If he did anything more remarkable in the world than sell mutual fund shares in a rising market, this epic overlooks the event. Dreadful as it is to say of a good Jewish boy, one is overcome by the eerie resemblance of Bernie to the Adolf Hitler portrayed by Albert Speer. Bernie and Adolf appear to have shared a taste for bad food, soft drinks, second-rate movies, capricious behavior, and interminable monologues. *The Bernie Cornfeld Story*, as I may already have implied, is a horrible book about a mediocre personality com-

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posed by precisely the appropriate writer. I'd advise waiting for the movie.

Zeckendorf, I am pleased to say, is another proposition altogether. Although Webb & Knapp, Zeckendorf's corporate personality, also fell upon bad days and indeed suffered the additional indignity of bankruptcy, Zeckendorf is unabashedly proud of his career. At seventy he is back in business with his son, under a new corporate name but at the same old address. It is truly quite a career. By his own account, Zeckendorf was a natural nonstudent who couldn't leave college soon enough to get where the action was—real estate.

When the going was good, Zeckendorf was developing projects, buying and selling buildings, and assembling real estate for others in several dozen cities and two or three countries simultaneously. Although he never seems to have had much money of his own (by the standards of the league in which he traveled), Zeckendorf placed his mark upon New York in the shape of the United Nations, Lincoln Towers, Kips Bay, and Park West Village. Title 1, the impetus to urban redevelopment all over the country, might have been written for Zeckendorf. In Denver his Mile High Center initiated a continuing building boom. Webb & Knapp presided over the rebuilding of southwest Washington, D.C., promoted Philadelphia's Society Hill residential towers and town houses, supervised the construction of Chicago's University Towers, and so on and on.

As an urban redeveloper, Zeckendorf concedes the existence of a single worthy rival, none other than the redoubtable Robert Moses, who returns the compliment by supplying an enthusiastic jacket blurb. According to Moses, "Since the Dutch bought Manhattan Island from the local Indians for $24 and a few beads, there has been no trader in real estate remotely comparable to Bill Zeckendorf," who "as a showman makes P. T. Barnum look like a piker."

The man is certainly an entertainer, a bit of a bon vivant, and the possessor by his own admission of America's finest collection of Burgundy wines. Part of his charm is his demonstration that he was never in real estate just for the money. He was a man who could never resist an intricate deal or pass up a chance to alter an environment. When Zeckendorf had it all together, the old magician seemed able to keep flying in the air several dozen Indian clubs at the same time.

What fun it all was! Zeckendorf conveys the convincing impression of a man dazzled alike by his own taste, which led him to appoint I. M. Pei as

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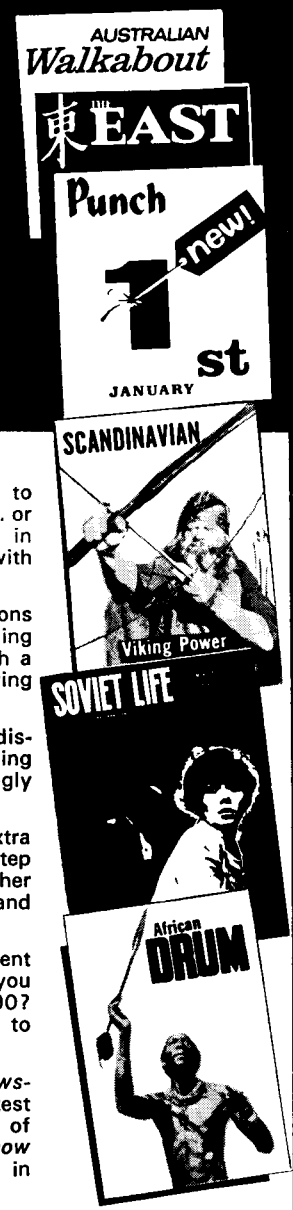

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his design consultant, and his own ingenuity, which called into being the so-called Hawaiian technique. This was dexterous fractionating of leases and land rights, the better to sell at retail what was difficult to merchandise at wholesale. The innocent egotism that dominates these pages is utterly beguiling.

However, nasty doubts and reservations do intrude themselves. Urban redevelopment, reviled in some circles as Negro removal, has indeed transformed the business districts of a good many cities, and incidentally displaced a good many small businessmen and poor tenants. If the developer's criterion of social benefit is the erection of office towers, convention palaces, and luxury apartments, then Robert Moses and William Zeckendorf are the twin benefactors of the age. But if other and severer tests are administered to the activities of real estate operators, rather different conclusions can be drawn. Urban redevelopment has included precious little low-income housing and not an awful lot even of genuinely middle-income accommodations. On the whole it has retarded rather than promoted racial integration. Urban redevelopment's emphasis upon monumental projects, huge shopping centers, and grandiose plazas, the objects of Zeckendorf's continuing celebration, has polarized cities into rich and poor, and rendered them less attractive places in which to live.

It would be as foolish as it would be ungenerous to blame Zeckendorf for such social disasters as these. He did not enact the tax laws which he manipulated with such virtuosity. Congress, not Webb & Knapp, wrote the housing legislation that subsidized single-family homes, promoted segregation, rebuilt downtown business districts, and diminished available stocks of low-cost housing. This is only to remark that no tale, however appealing, of an attractive real estate speculator's vicissitudes should be confused with an account of American social progress.

Robert Lekachman, professor of economics at the State University of New York in Stony Brook, is the author of "Age of Keynes."

THE ELEGANT AUCTIONEERS

by Wesley Towner

Hill & Wang, 632 pp., $10

Reviewed by Iola S. Haverstick

■ According to Arthur Wang's brief publisher's note, which precedes the late Wesley Towner's anything but brief "history of the art auction in America," the author spent at least twelve years researching and writing his book. During that period he had access to all the resources of the Parke-Bernet Galleries, from the employees whose reminiscences he sought to "correspondence and records of every kind." After Towner's death in 1968 (he had, we are told, written the great bulk of the book and virtually finished all the research) the task of "completing the chapters that lead to the book's conclusion," whatever that means, fell to a young writer named Stephen Varble.

The result of their labors, *The Elegant Auctioneers,* has been described by Towner as "an excursion into palace garrets on a rainy day, a snooping—impudent and irreverent—into old trunks and yellowed papers, a tall tale, but a true one, of the lords of creation, their serfs and chattels and their never-ending dreams of glory." *The Elegant Auctioneers,* however, is no mere rainy-day excursion; it is a torrent that not only pours forth relentlessly for more than 600 pages but that also turns into an endurance contest between book and reader.

To be fair, this is partly due to the nature of the material. Inevitably a "history of the art auction in America" will include some mention both of the collections auctioned and the shifting tastes of collectors. But it is also due to a lack of restraint on the part of author Towner, who, in the course of his lengthy researches into the prices of Gutenberg Bibles and Corot paintings, evidently took time out to comb old newspapers and books in order to rake up old scandals about such bygone collectors as merchant prince A. T. Stewart and streetcar tsar Charles T. Yerkes. In so doing, Towner altered the focus of his book from the "history of the art auction in America" to what the dust jacket advertises as "the behind-the-scenes stories of the fabulous collectors and the equally fabulous auctioneers who reflected the changes in American taste over several generations."

Many of these follies of the rich, such as the murder of architect Stamford White by playboy Harry Thaw, have been rehashed many times. Moreover, this material, especially when elaborated in detail, tends to get in the way of the central story, which is "the saga of Parke-Bernet and its predecessors."

The saga begins with the post-Civil War development of the élite art auctions by Thomas E. Kirby, who came to be known as "the George Washington of auctioneers." Before Kirby, it seems, "auctioneers were carnival showmen schooled in artifice, blood brothers to the fairground pitchmen and at least cousins to the salesmen of gold bricks." Operating on a shoestring, they were inclined to cash in on the good will of a consignor's name by mixing derelict goods of their own in a sale, and they "delayed payments interminably, juggled the accounts and sometimes absconded with the funds altogether."

Kirby, whom Towner describes as "a ringmaster, critic, teacher," dominated

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the auction scene in America from 1883, when he became head of the American Art Association, until his retirement in 1923. According to Towner, "there was humbug in his manner, no doubt a touch of larceny in his soul. But in a way he was sincere, he had a lust for things." Kirby conceived of the auctioneer as a "manager" who presided over an unrestricted auction commission sale supported primarily by private buyers.

By making the auction a social event in elegant surroundings, by clever promotion and exhibition of his first consignment (including "an admission charge of $1 to keep the riffraff out"), by using a catalogue that spelled the artist's name correctly and a sales pitch that came to be known as "the million-dollar voice," Kirby achieved his aim with the sale of the George I. Seney Collection in the winter of 1885. From then on, with certain notable exceptions (*e.g.*, the sale of the notorious "peachbloom vase" for $18,000 in 1886, which inspired a newspaper war over its authenticity), all was relatively smooth sailing for Kirby. Before he was through he managed to knock down $60 million worth of art and allied objects.

In 1923 the American Art Association was sold for $500,000 to multimillionaire Cortlandt Field Bishop of Lenox, Massachusetts, who had agreed to back two former Kirby employees, Major Hiram Parke and Otto Bernet, in the auction business. The saga of the Bishop-Parke-Bernet relationship and the subsequent fate of the AAA, which Bishop merged with its rival, The Anderson Galleries (he had bought the AG in 1927), "on the crest of the roaring 1929 prosperity" is, if it is all true, an epic of the bizarre. To begin with, Parke and Bernet are described as "mismatched partners" who were egregiously polite to each other in public "like a pair of vaudeville comics in a rhapsody of mutual esteem" and in private "bickered over petty matters, wrangled over points of policy, but mainly sulked in a hollow truce of noncollaboration."

Even more bizarre, however, are the individual intrigues that went on behind the scenes. These included a mysterious feud in the Bishop family, an unusual *ménage à trois*, several suicides and swindles, one hanging, one attempted murder, and, not surprisingly, an uncountable number of lawsuits.

Caught in the middle of this vortex, Major Parke, after an argument with Mrs. Bishop and her companion, Miss Edith Nixon, who had jointly inherited the AAA-AG after Bishop's death in 1935, finally gave up and stalked dramatically out of the offices on November 12, 1937, followed by some forty key employees and Bernet. ("You're a stone around my neck, but you're coming," the Major reportedly told him.) The art world quickly rallied to their aid. Mitchell Samuels of French & Company gave them temporary office space, while Sir Joseph Duveen, jeweler Harry Winston, and others chipped in to help them form the corporation that became known as the Parke-Bernet Galleries, with the Major as president and Bernet as vice president.

Those who are interested in the world of art may enjoy *The Elegant Auctioneers* for its wealth of data on the auctions and its contributions to the history of the art auction in America. They may also be put off, as this reviewer was, not only by the extraneous material but also by the pugnacious, free-wheeling, grade-B-Hollywood rhetoric that Towner indulges in, and which is in some cases offensive and in others trite. Doubtless some readers will relish Towner's swinging phrases, like his description of Mrs. Astor "sweating under a load of diamonds as heavy as a hod of coal." But these same readers will probably be bored by the descriptions of auctions and art objects. Since you can't expect to please everyone, the moral seems to be: Why try?

Iola Haverstick is a free-lance writer with a special interest in American art since 1800.

84, CHARING CROSS ROAD

by Helene Hanff

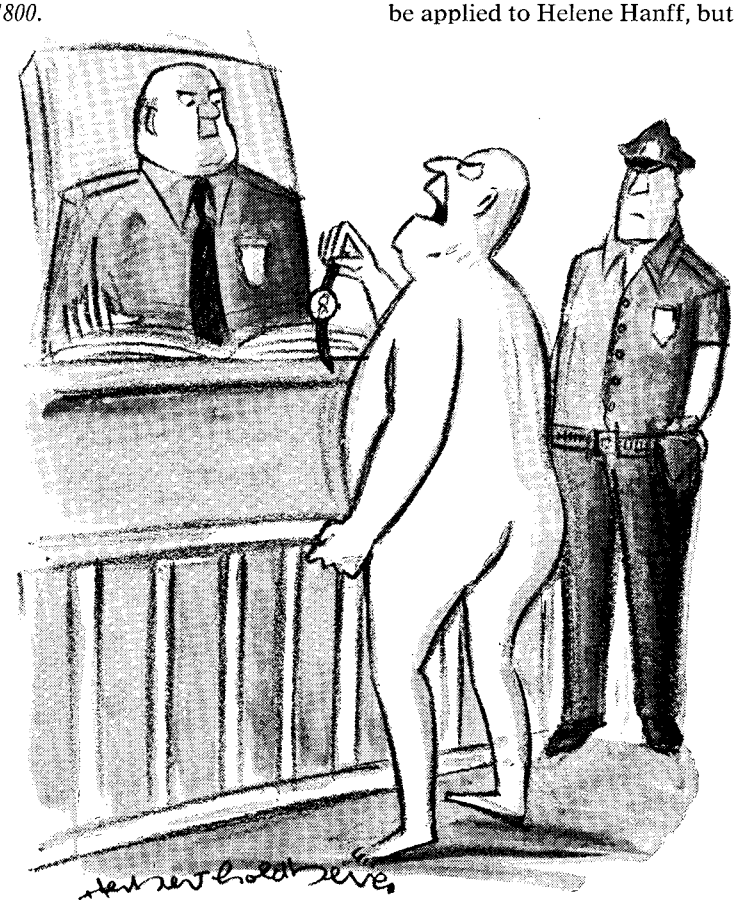
Grossman, 97 pp., $4.95

Reviewed by Haskel Frankel

■ On October 5, 1949, as the result of an advertisement in *SR*, Miss Helene Hanff, who described herself as "a poor writer with an antiquarian taste in books," wrote to Marks & Co., Booksellers, at 84, Charing Cross Road, London. She sent them a list of books she desired, saying she was willing to pay up to $5 each for them.

On October 25, 1949, a letter headed "Dear Madam" was sent from London, signed "FPD for Marks & Co.," listing the books they were sending and those for which they would search. It is the third letter, dated November 3, 1949, from New York to London, that signals the deterioration—if anything so joyous and touching as this record of twenty years of trans-Atlantic correspondence can be considered in such terms—of the proprieties of business letter-writing. Beginning with rapture over the books received (". . . the Stevenson is so fine it embarrasses my orange-crate bookshelves. . ."), Miss Hanff proceeds to the problem of translating pounds into dollars, and ends with "I hope 'madam' doesn't mean over there what it does here."

There are many adjectives that could be applied to Helene Hanff, but formal



"All he left me was my Spiro Agnew watch!"

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is not one of them. And one could hardly call FPD informal. The postal exchange between the two is an unfair fight, with Miss Hanff, a belle in a china shop, clearly favored to win in an early round. It occurs on December 8, 1949, with her discovery that "you are all rationed two ounces of meat per family per week, and one egg per person per month and I am simply appalled." Immediately, a package goes off featuring a six-pound ham—her intent was to feed the entire bookstore personnel. FPD dissolves into Frank Doel.

This is a little book, a mere 97 pages, but it contains so much. If you want, these are just letters between two people—though later on others at Marks & Co., and their families, join in—who never met, and who were separated both by geographic distance and by emotional approach, at least on paper, to life. But somewhere here, for those who can feel, there is a love story. It is not between Helene Hanff and Frank Doel, who was a happily married husband and father, but between a woman and the world. I think there is a message, too. If one brash American heart can break through one Englishman's starched reserve, what is not possible between people in this tortured world? And what is loneliness (it, too, lurks unnamed in this book) but an illusion of private affliction, which people are waiting to dispel at the other end of a postage stamp?

Perhaps a critic should be dry-eyed and thoroughly objective. I tried; but I confess to laughing and crying my way through *84, Charing Cross Road*. It is the treasure of the year. It belongs not on the shelf with other books, but on the shelf with caviar, truffles, black olives, and maybe even chocolate-covered ants. It is a special book for a special palate—yours, I hope.

Haskel Frankel writes SR's monthly column Criminal Record.

PRIVATE

by Frank D. Gilroy

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 151 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Michael Feingold

■ Frank D. Gilroy is president of the Dramatists' Guild. He has written a book called *Private*, described on its jacket as a novel. Mr. Gilroy has managed to avoid the pitfalls that usually trap playwrights who attempt to write novels: He does not rely on dialogue as a crutch, nor indulge in pages of overwriting, like a dramatist celebrating his escape from brevity-mad directors. Nor does he lean on the terse, heavily detailed narration—actually stage directions recast in the past tense—that mars the prose of the theatrically inclined. But, these negative virtues aside, Gilroy's stark assemblage of personal fragments is a highly insignificant contribution to the literature of war.

Private is not really a novel. It is partly a memoir (of Gilroy's experience as a GI in World War II, as the title suggests), and partly a set of reflections or aphorisms (ideas "private" to him) on the war, occasioned by his memories. A major preoccupation of the work (and a third implication of its title) is the hero's development from naïve adolescent to sexually experienced man. And the whole is presented as a first-person, present-tense record of the narrator's vicissitudes from enlistment through discharge.

It could be classified, then, as a *Bildungsroman* of war, except for the factual insistence of the first-person narration, the inclusion of what appear to be actual photographs taken of and by the author at the time, and his assertion, on the back of the jacket, that "It's based on what I saw, felt, smelled, heard and did, and no one knows that but me." Under the circumstances, the publisher's emphatic subtitle, "a novel by," seems contradictory, particularly since the material, mostly scraps of fact, old slogans, anecdotes, and ruminations, is laid out flatly and fragmentarily, as in a journal, rather than developed in any way that might suggest the creative structures of fiction.

Partly, this flatness is the unfortunate byproduct of Gilroy's tremendous economizing gifts as a playwright, here wasted on a form that requires both more subtlety and more expansiveness: elaborate family situations and the interrelationships in a platoon are sketched in a few sentences; eventful weeks, months, campaigns are summed up in one sharply related event: "Simpson died on his way to the aid station. They say he kept asking them to stop so he could take a leak."

The major difficulty with *Private* is that the material, on this level, is altogether familiar—much of it, like the running-gag characterization of the platoon officers, is the stuff of a thousand Audie Murphy movies—and it neither stands convincingly as a personal testament, nor is developed into a larger structure that could make its ordinariness convincing by sheer weight of detail. There is no ordering or intensification of the experience of Gilroy's "I," merely an accumulation of experiences. Out of some he gains insight in retrospect; some merely lie inert on the page, never to be woven into what could have been an engrossing picture of one young man's realization of the inverted moral system necessary to war.

Occasionally a line, a perception, the reporting of an event climbs above platitude to achieve that higher dimension (*e.g.*, the hero's comments on the detonation of the atom bomb: " 'How could one bomb level a city?' 'What's an atom?' It's good news but puzzling."). For the most part, however, Gilroy's brief thoughts and word-snapshots, stretched out across a considerable amount of white space, seem to belong not to the novel they claim to constitute, but to a playwright's preliminary sketchbook for those two moving studies of men back from war, *Who'll Save the Plowboy?* and *The Subject Was Roses*. As such, it will be of interest to anyone who greatly admires Gilroy's playwriting, as a prologue that reveals something of the background behind his two best plays. But anyone who looks to *Private* for the pleasures of the novel, even in its contemporary fragmented or fact-oriented forms, is likely to be seriously disappointed.

Michael Feingold is editor of yale/theatre magazine.

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— VICTOR HUGO
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FINGERS IN THE DOOR AND OTHER STORIES

by Frank Tuohy

Scribners, 157 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Robert Moss

■ In his native England Frank Tuohy is an author of some note; in this country he is virtually unknown. *Fingers in the Door,* a brief volume of stories, serves to introduce him to American readers.

Tuohy's twelve stories, set mostly in England, cover the period from 1940 to the present. They embrace a wide variety of human pain, ignoring the barriers of class, age, and background. In "The Palladian Bridge," the best story in the collection, a schoolboy who is sent to arrange an assignation for a more worldly classmate awakens suddenly into the agonies of adolescent frustration. In "A Reprieve" a former colonial police captain, lying in a London hospital with a serious illness, fights vainly to be sent to his old friends on Cyprus, who love him, rather than to his sister, who does not. In "A War of Liberation" Miss Featherstone, a spinster schoolteacher, commits suicide when her two adopted daughters abandon her. Like these people, most of Tuohy's sufferers are isolated, condemned to a cold, cheerless world where help and sympathy are seldom obtained.

Even those who are most convinced that English fiction is dead will find things to admire in Tuohy's work. His style is sure-footed and supple; each shading and nuance falls perfectly into place. Of a social climber, he writes: "Snobbery, which she believed to be other people's, but was her own, had laid her life waste and reduced whole prospects to ash and cinders." In another of the stories a Greek and a Spaniard, both working as menials in England, sense a mutual bond: "There was complicity between them, both being dedicated to the proposition that English hardly exist as people, they are paper-thin, but their third dimension is money."

Tuohy is also a discerning social commentator, and no grain in the British caste system is too fine to escape his eye. In "A Palladian Bridge," for example, the hero, Page-Barlow, is asked about his double name by a farm girl who works at his school. He re-

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Jh, 2Dl, 3Aj, 4Fa (*Born Free*), 5Hi, 6Id, 7Lc (*Wizard of Oz*), 8Ck (*Gulliver's Travels*), 9Gg (*Morte d'Arthur*), 10 Kf (*Jungle Books*), 11 Ee, 12 Bb (*Peter Pan*).

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flects: "He knew it had been something to do with money, in the past, but at the back of his mind his mother loomed up, telling him you did not discuss money with servants." Indeed, if Tuohy has an outstanding gift it is the ability to interlace his stories with well-observed details. The tranquil beauty of English gardens, the miniature class warfare of nannies in the park, the shabbiness and disorientation of post-war London, chalk streams in the countryside, queues in the city—Tuohy captures them all with marvelously accurate rhythms and colors.

Tuohy's sense of style and his talents as a social observer are prominent assets. Unfortunately, there is another side to the ledger. The author's command of mood and his handling of character and situation are frequently faulty. The glazed, mannered surfaces of "Thunderbolt," a study of false gentility and youthful passion, are almost as baroque—and boring—as *Last Year at Marienbad*, which they resemble. "A Life Membership," dealing with an injured worker fleeced by his social betters, mistakes predictability for inevitability; it telegraphs every punch and labors every irony. It is illustrative of Tuohy's central fault: a literary technique that is inadequate to his gloomy vision of life. Too often, he locks his characters into impossibly grim situations. One is not convinced, for instance, that the hospital people in "A Reprieve" would really care if the ex-police officer dies happily in Cyprus rather than unhappily in his sister's home. Here—as nearly everywhere else—Tuohy's pessimism is too insistent; it is tortured out of characters and circumstances where it does not rightfully belong.

Perhaps the most unflattering thing one can say about a writer's work is that it reminds one of better work elsewhere. Tuohy's story "A License," about the painful collisions of a sensitive adolescent with thick-skinned adults, brings to mind the infinitely subtler treatment of this situation in Elizabeth Bowen's *The Death of the Heart*. Similarly, Tuohy's obsession with disillusionment, where a particular event is seen as a procession of small, grimy ironies, sends one back to George Orwell's *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* rather than on to more Tuohy.

Fingers in the Door is a work of competence and occasional excellence, but no more. If, in the gallery of English short-story writers, Tuohy ranks somewhat above H. E. Bates and V. S. Pritchett, he is still significantly below Katherine Mansfield and Graham Greene.

Robert Moss is a member of the Hunter College English Department.

Shakespeare

Continued from page 35

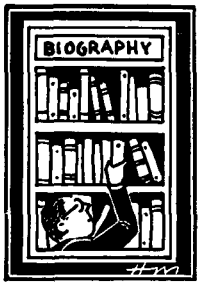
consult with Oxford, and form a skeleton edifice, which [I] would furnish and people, as befitted the subject."

Mrs. Clark, wife of a Miami (Ohio) University classics professor, found *her* true Shakespeare through cryptanalysis, extracting her clues from Francis Bacon's *Alphabet of Nature* and *History of the Winds:*

> Mrs. Clark drew a clock face with twelve hours and superimposed it on a mariner's compass with thirty-two points. At the intersections of lines and circles on the compass she placed letters of the alphabet. A pointer, like a clock hand, showed the correspondences between the Dial and Shakespeare's plays. . . . A maze of the constellation Dipper, found in the Epilogue to *The Tempest* (which "seems to have been written partly as an allegory of the cipher") reads "I, W. S., Am F. Bacon." . . . Mrs. Clark . . . cherished [her cipher] as "a most sane and human and worthy cipher, both comrade and critic at once."

The record isn't, of course, solely one of fatuity, madness, meanness. Intermittently, from Edmond Malone in the eighteenth century to E. K. Chambers in the twentieth, the cause of fact has been served brilliantly and passionately by men whose longing for the truth of Shakespeare's life didn't derange them. Their sanity, balance, and sense of responsibility are islands of grace, and when Mr. Schoenbaum makes landfalls upon them, he permits himself an open, unprotected gesture of praise. His is a superbly informed, elegantly composed, intensely readable book.

Anthony Burgess's *Shakespeare* is the latest effort at a consecutive narrative biography. The volume is a voluptuous affair of coated pages, luxo color portraits, and speculation doubling back on itself: "It is possible that Shakespeare met Southampton as easily as he met (if he did) Florio." Certain of the fancies that figure in *Nothing Like the Sun*, Mr. Burgess's engaging novel "about" Shakespeare, turn up here—as, for example, his suggestion that the Dark Lady was black.



There's also a bit of cryptographic dabbling: an attempt to establish that Shakespeare had a hand in the King James Version: "Whether he had anything to do with [the forty-sixth Psalm], he is in it. . . . The forty-sixth word from the beginning is *shake*, and the forty-sixth word from the end, if we leave out the cadential *Selah*, is *spear*. And, in 1610, Shakespeare was forty-six years old. If this is mere chance, fancy must allow us to think that it is happy chance." The sillier speculations are labeled silly by the author, the unexamined assumptions—that Shakespeare drank at the Mermaid, for example—aren't momentous, and there's an admirably determined effort to avoid theses resting on the notion that men write comedy when they're up, tragedy when they're down. All that is painful is the implicit return to the Victorian "burgher Shakespeare," a brisk, cheerful, small-town jaycee: "To see his face, we need only look in a mirror. He is ourselves, ordinary suffering humanity, fired by moderate ambitions, concerned with money, the victim of desire, all too mortal. . . . We are all Will."

As for the rest, there are one echo, one disaster, one occasion for gratitude, one occasion for sadness. The echo is Philip Burton's *The Sole Voice*, an exercise in traditional character analysis (twenty-one figures in all) by an old Shakespearean hand whose purpose, successfully discharged, is to help apprentice actors (and beginning students) to baby up on their parts.

The occasion for gratitude is the publication in this country of Andrew Gurr's stylish digest of information about the Shakespearean theater drawn from E. K. Chambers's *Elizabethan Stage*, G. E. Bentley's *Jacobean and Caroline Stage*, and a number of subsequent scholarly studies. The volumes of Chambers are notoriously hard to use; Gurr's "introduction" to them is modest, lively, and certain to be helpful to students.

The disaster is Isaac Asimov's *Guide to Shakespeare*, two immense volumes presented as "objective, scene-by-scene exploration[s] of thirty-eight plays . . . in terms of their mythological, historical and geographic roots." The aim is to supply the modern reader "with a working knowledge of the topics which Shakespeare assumed his potential Elizabethan audience to be well versed in." And great pats of information are sluggishly levered down on scene after scene of the plays. The effect, however, is to set deadening barriers to imagination between the reader and the moment-to-moment life on the stage. Perhaps these overproduced tomes can be said to have value of a negative kind: no better sign of the urgent need for a

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transformation of English teaching in America could be had than the likelihood of their eager adoption by schools and colleges. But from any other view these texts are bad news.

The occasion for sadness is the death of Stanley Edgar Hyman. Once or twice the present reviewer wrote about Hyman's work as a critic, adopting a severe tone expressive not alone of genuine reservations but of anxiety about being accepted as a peer. The reservations were usually aimed at Hyman's tendency, in longer critical essays, to separate arbitrarily the strands of response, so that whole understandings of literary works were sacrificed to demonstrations of the mutual exclusivity of various "critical vocabularies." As the title hints, Hyman's last book—*Iago: Some Approaches to the Illusion of His Motivation*—is a further demonstration of that tendency.

If there were limitations in this critic's methods, however, the services he performed to "letters general" were considerable. A generation of graduate students of English learned about criticism as a serious and exciting intellectual labor from his study of major modern critics (*The Armed Vision*). A generation of academic reviewers learned their own limitations from the standard Hyman set in a long stretch of weekly pieces in *The New Leader*. There are never enough writers at Hyman's level of performance; the worlds of teaching and writing are poorer for his going.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 16: lameness, nameless, salesmen.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1423

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1423 will be found in the next issue.

ZXSVO JXS ZTL ZS GOCN ZXO

WOSWGO BCR SRGL NS VS ML

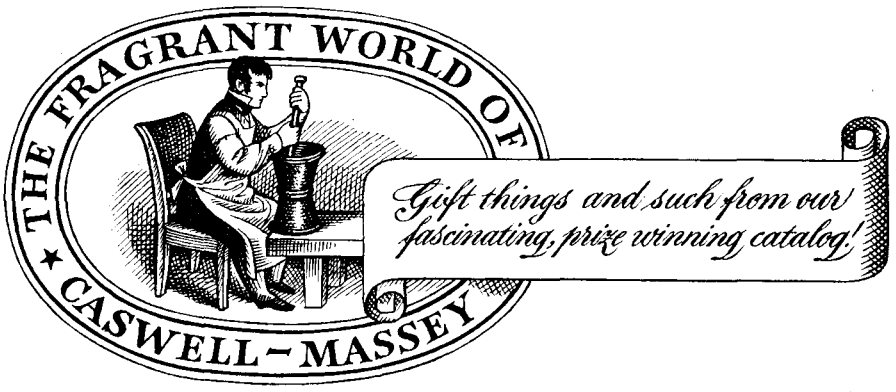
ASGGSJQRP ZXO DSM.

—SVBCT JQGNO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1422

The young man who has not wept is a savage, and the old man who will not laugh is a fool.

—GEORGE SANTAYANA.



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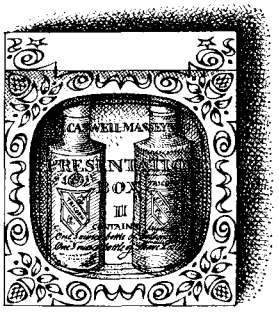

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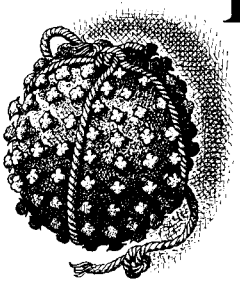

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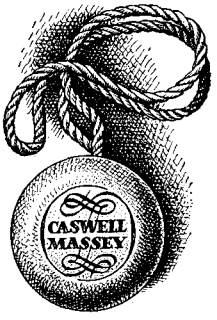

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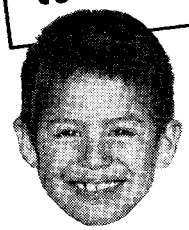

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Barenboim, Beethoven, and the Thirty-two

THE BEETHOVEN BIRTHDAY is almost upon us, and with it the observances to be expected in the year that marks not merely another December 16 in the sequence that began in 1770, but the one, the only, the formal 200th. One thing may be said with assurance: Some reputations are going to suffer before it is over, but one, certainly, is not Beethoven's. Thus far Rudolf Serkin and Daniel Barenboim have begun cycles of the thirty-two piano sonatas, and Claude Frank will have joined them before the beginning of the impatiently awaited eight-concert sequence in Carnegie Hall by the Istomin-Stern-Rose ensemble.

The arresting event of the moment is the Barenboim cycle, not only because it is well advanced, but also because of the intrinsic interest it presents. At twenty-six, Barenboim may be the youngest performer of repute to undertake this challenge in the annals dating back to the enterprise of the English Sir Charles Hallé in the 1860s. It would be polite to say that Barenboim plays Beethoven well enough to be judged without reference to his age. Such a gesture would ignore the basic reality that however formidable his intellectual equipment—and it may be granted the maximum allowable by the law of averages—his performances are, of necessity, a compound of the temperamental, emotional, and spiritual attributes inherent in the years thus far allotted to him.

Indeed, it is exactly this set of values —the well-stocked head coupled with the buoyant spirits—that makes the Barenboim cycle something special. As suits his logical mind, six of the eight works included in the first two programs have been drawn from the earlier years of the composer's output, with the B-flat, Opus 106 (*Hammerklavier*), as counterbalance in substance for the first sequence and the F-minor, Opus 57 (*Appassionata*), similarly situated in the second. Where this situates Barenboim, in respect to listener stimulation and satisfaction, is clear. In most circumstances of the past, those who have ventured the grand tour have been performers of ripe years: Schnabel, for example, was in his midfifties when New York heard his first cycle in Carnegie Hall in 1937. Their view of early Beethoven was slightly dimmed if not astigmatic.

With Barenboim, however, one has the rare experience of hearing the youthful works of Opus Nos. 2, 7, 10, 13, 14, 22, and through 31 performed with ideal understanding, insight, and sympathy. This is a judgment derived not merely from the public demonstration to date, but also from his recording of the totality. Paradoxically, a memorable interpretation of the *Appassionata* or the *Hammerklavier* may be more readily a part of a concertgoing experience for the simple reason that they are more likely to be heard from the thoroughly equipped interpreter than those at the beginning of the thirty-two.

Barenboim's ground zero, at this point of his career, strikes me as centered squarely on the works Beethoven was creating at more or less his own time of life, those works of striking originality and rampant invention that include the B-flat, Opus 22; the D-major, Opus 28; and the E-flat, Opus 31, No. 3, performed in his first two programs. This is not merely for reasons of temperamental and spiritual affinity previously advanced, but also for certain considerations of tonal displacement and muscular force. Barenboim's sound is not inherently weighty or resonant, rather, more in the direction of glistening and moderately sonorous, a twin in most respects to the characteristic quality of the instrument for which Beethoven was writing at this time of his life.

Taken as a group, the works heard thus far, for all the subtlety and insight of the presentation, have been propelled more than a shade faster than some taste (mine included) would prefer. In the B-flat, Opus 22, the marking of *allegro con brio* for the first movement would appear to countenance the choice of a racy tempo, but the musician in Barenboim would likely agree that *con brio* is an index to manner not to momentum. On the other hand, his headlong plunge into the *Hammerklavier* would have to be accepted as a by-product of the adrenalin the weighty work released in a performer not yet conditioned to control both himself and the music.

When is the last time the early (1784) E-flat Piano Concerto of Beethoven (written when he was fourteen) was performed in New York? Or, for that matter, when was Felicja Blumental last heard as piano soloist? Taken together, as they were at the

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concert of the Brescia and Bergamo Festival Orchestra in Hunter College Assembly Hall, the results were something to mark a date in memory when much else around it has faded.

To say that Mme. Blumental is a peerless interpreter of this fragrant little essay in historical perspective is to speak only a fraction of the truth. She may well be the only one who has created the musical means to perform it, by commissioning a re-creation of the orchestral part (from fragmentary indications in a handwritten piano part).

The outcome is, to be sure, nothing that would instantly mark the composer of fourteen as possessed of a mammoth potential. But, in the blessed perspective of hindsight, one can discern a phraseology here, a turn of expression there that foreshadow a preference or disposition to come. Mme. Blumental performed the concerto's engaging patterns with just the right blend of objectivity and affection to re-create the moment without overstating the matter. The accompaniment directed by Agostino Orizio was in every way appropriate.

For that matter, the program of Sammartini (Symphony No. 3 in G), Locatelli (*Il pianto d'Arianna*), Tartini (D-minor Concerto for Violin and Orchestra), and Boccherini (D-minor Symphony) would have been a pleasure without the special attraction of the Blumental Beethoven. The personnel are young; the instruments as well as the music they played, old—a productive formula for any exploration of the Italian *concerto grosso* literature.

New York's informal Donizetti festival was continued with the first performance in several seasons of his comic masterpiece *Don Pasquale* as supplement to the *Lucia di Lammermoor* previously heard at the Metropolitan and the admirable effort at the State Theater with *Roberto Devereux*. Unlike some performances where trouble may be anticipated with the curtain rise, this one had its difficulties even earlier, with the Overture directed in a mechanical and nonimaginative manner by Carlo Franci. What he contributed thereafter was of the same order, further depressing a performance in which Roberta Peters, wan of voice, was a replacement for the promised Reri Grist. As Doctor Malatesta, Tom Krause was pleasantly personable, but his voice has neither the fluency nor the Italianate flexibility required, leaving Alfredo Kraus as Ernesto alone with the style, the flair, and the spirit for Donizetti. If this appears to ignore Fernando Corena, his impersonation of the famous name role for *basso buffo* is now more *buffo* than *basso*.

HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only $12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

America Revisited

I DON'T KNOW if you have noticed it, but American films have of late turned more American. Not flag-waving American necessarily, although inevitably there has been some of that. But more especially it is a matter of looking at regional America and at recognizable American types. I think of films as varied as *Five Easy Pieces* and *Monte Walsh, Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* and *Joe*. To these might now be added *I Never Sang for My Father* and John Frankenheimer's *I Walk the Line*.

I Never Sang for My Father, adapted to the screen by Robert Anderson from his own stage play, never gets quite far enough away from the original to ever make it as a first-rate movie. But the theme is so very pertinent, and the performances so very affecting, that one is more than willing to settle for less. At its center is the pill-produced world of the aged, an octogenarian who can still function as despot over his fully grown children. Tom Garrison (Melvyn Douglas) has long since retired from both the business world and politics; in fact, his mind wanders just a bit. But he is still a formidable character to his son (Gene Hackman), a writer and teacher; somewhat less so to his daughter (Estelle Parsons), whom he banished from the house for marrying a Jew. The death of the children's mother (Dorothy Stickney) precipitates the decisions from which the drama derives.

Admittedly, the theater is better for this sort of thing. It thrives upon the self-revelatory dialogues, the verbal flashbacks that bring each of the characters into focus. Indeed, it used to be fashionable to label these adaptations "uncinematic"—as if the lack of tricky camera work and snappy editing were enough to put seriously, intelligently conceived material beyond the pale. One can still regret that *I Never Sang for My Father* was not more completely "cinematized"; but the fact is that unless it had first been conceived for the stage, it would probably never have been made into a movie at all. For here is the kind of character revelation that keeps one going, hopefully, to the legitimate theater; it seems to happen in films only when those films have been adapted from a stage play.

But even in this instance things are done on screen that the theater could never accommodate. There is a beautiful sequence—photographed in a lovely wisteria garden in White Plains—during which the brother and sister reach some form of understanding. The maturity of the trees, the manicured lawns bespeak the whole life of the departed mother and throw into effective but unspoken contrast the life of the arrogant, unfeeling, old man in the house beyond.

But there is compassion, too. There is no question but that, by his own lights, Tom Garrison was a fine, respectable, respected citizen. What makes the film hurt, what makes it ache for anyone at all empathic to its story, is the plight of the second generation, the tragedy of those who live in the shadow of a great—or not quite so great—man. They bear the burden and the guilt. A documentary-like sequence —again impossible on the stage—reveals old-age homes for what they are: places for dying. The son, understandably, is not able to consign his father to such a dismal, futureless future. But when he suggests to his father that he come and live with him in California, the father, no less understandably, is not willing nor able to abandon all the things that have given his life meaning.

I Never Sang for My Father, produced and directed by Gilbert Cates, may set no milestones in cinema. But it has truth, and heart, and a sensitivity to human relationships that lifts it far beyond the more aggressively movie movies.

John Frankenheimer, in many of his films, has also demonstrated a keen interest in the American way or, perhaps better, the American byways, the soft underbelly of America. His is the aberrant America, as demonstrated in *All Fall Down, The Manchurian Candidate, The Gypsy Moths*, and now *I Walk the Line*. In this one, the revenooers zero in on the operator of an illegal still. The local sheriff, though married, has already zeroed in on the moonshiner's extremely nubile daughter. Obviously, there is a conflict of interests. As in *I Never Sang for My Father*, however, there is also compassion. The sheriff, played with rugged grace by Gregory Peck, is honestly, frantically in love with the moonshiner's daughter. And the daughter—Tuesday Weld in an incredibly accurate, always modulated performance —seems also in love with him, although her loyalties are to her family. Their story, oddly anachronistic, has to end in tragedy. The score, composed of Johnny Cash ballads, admirably underlines both the regional and folkloric qualities of the entire film.

"Like, man, have I got some bad vibes, and I'm being hassled by the man and my head isn't together, so if you just lay some bread on me, I'll really make it outasight!"

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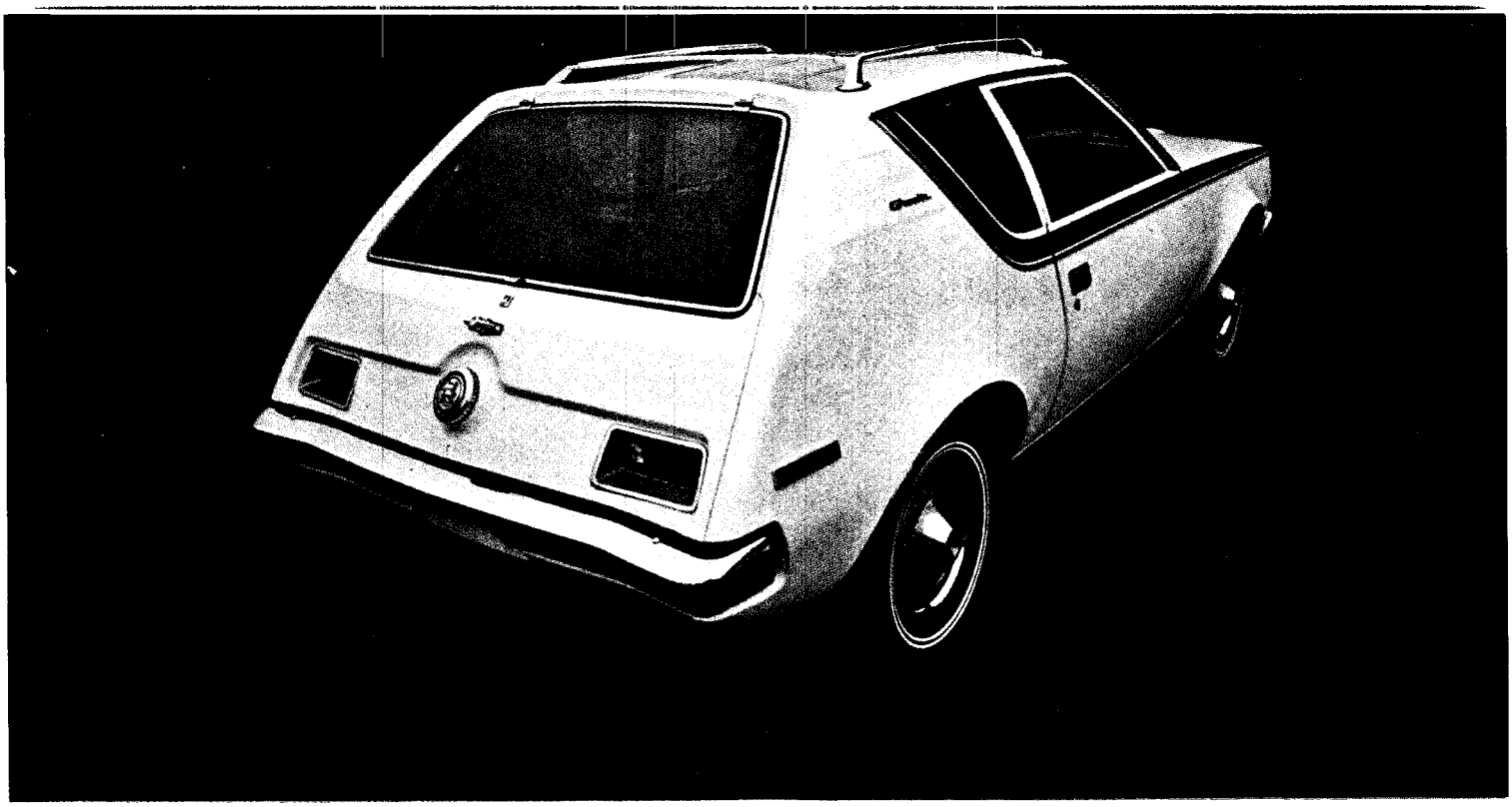

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Thunder on the Finger Lakes

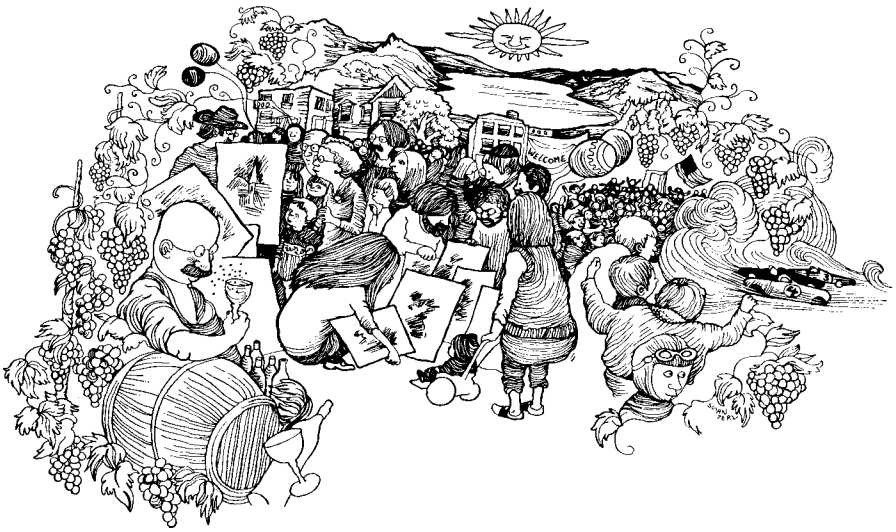
MAYBE IT WAS ASKING TOO MUCH, but on a single weekend last month I journeyed upstate to celebrate the glories of both the grape and the carburetor, which is to say I caught the annual Grape Festival at Naples, New York, on Saturday and the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen on Sunday, and in between welcomed autumn to the Finger Lakes.

This string of long, skinny lakes spreads across fourteen counties, stretching north from the Pennsylvania border all the way to Lake Ontario. It is—or was—Indian country, and various tribes and chieftains have given their names to the lakes and other landmarks, in return for what I don't know. Logan, the Cayuga orator, who is identified with the region, does rate a few lines in the guidebooks. Hiawatha, an Onondaga chief, was transported to Minnesota on the wings of Longfellow's poetic license.

In an age of increasing air piracy and multiplying traffic congestion, the traveler considers himself victorious over the Fates simply by arriving at his prescribed destination, never mind the hour. Imagine my bewilderment, then, when the American Airlines flight out of John F. Kennedy Airport put down in Rochester fully twenty minutes ahead of schedule. American later admitted to a slight deception. The flying time from New York to Rochester is an hour and fifteen minutes at most. My flight, allowing for Friday night congestion on either end, was scheduled to consume an hour and thirty-seven minutes. Somehow the pileups never materialized, and I was on the road southeast to the town of Canandaigua in near record time.

I don't know if the frost was on the pumpkin yet, but there was an autumn chill in the air and football on the radio. I fiddled with the dials, catching snatches of local high school and college games until my ear—not insensitive to such things—picked up a Green Bay Packers-Minnesota Vikings broadcast. How could it be? Pro football on Friday night? I was dead certain the game was to be played on Sunday afternoon. What kind of time machine had spirited me away from Kennedy Airport? No mere Astrojet. Then the announcer, no strange voice (Charlie Jones's), broke for a commercial and identified the event as a computerized forecast of a Packers-Vikings game to be played that Sunday. A few minutes later the Vikings won by three, and I was left to wonder if the nation had swallowed another *War of the Worlds*.

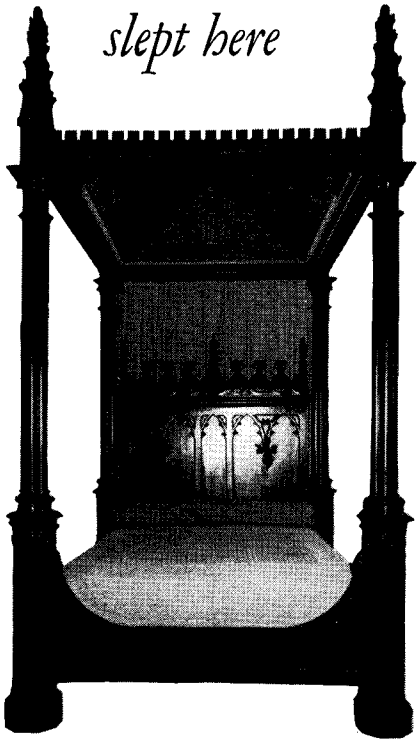
Next day, as the sun burned away the early morning gloom from Canandaigua Lake, I boarded a cabin cruiser and headed south toward Naples and the Grape Festival. Canandaigua, a landlocked lake, is struggling to keep its purity while some of the larger Finger Lakes are slowly being poisoned by industrial taint. It is claimed—and one wants to believe it—that people still drink straight from Canandaigua. Widmer's Wine Cellars, whose grapes were being plucked that very weekend in the valleys around Naples, has been ordered to cease pouring liquid residue into the lake until the company com-



—*Susan Perl*

The Finger Lakes, bulging with winetasters, auto bugs, and other browsers.

Henry Clay almost slept here



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pletes construction of a purification plant. "We were just dumping grape juice into the lake," a Widmer man told me on the boat ride, "but the order was a good thing."

Peter Carp, Widmer's sales manager, a Dutchman who met and courted the grape in the vineyards of Europe, gave me a lesson in viticulture, while the boat puttered down the sixteen-mile-long lake. The high green banks on either side were splashed with premature gold. "We grow Concord, Delaware, Catawba, Niagara, Duchess, Ives —all the native American grapes," he said. "Our growing season is too short and the humidity too high for the European grape to survive here. The key to it all is the sugar/acid ratio. California and European grapes have a higher sugar content than New York grapes, so they can produce a full-bodied red wine. The American grapes in this area have a slightly higher acid content, and to make a good, clean white wine you need more acidity. So the white wines, champagnes, and sherries are the specialties of New York State."

Grapevines by the Finger Lakes send their roots down fourteen to eighteen feet into a gravelly, shaly terrain much like that in the Rhine Valley. In fact, one couldn't resist comparing the two waterways, and when I stood up and peered down the lake toward a point where the slopes crisscrossed in the shimmering distance—well, I shrugged and looked at Carp, who was smiling and squinting into the sun, and he said: "*Ja*, that's the Rhine."

Just about then we looked to starboard and saw two figures clinging to an overturned canoe. They were spouting water and waving for help. We came alongside, and our skipper shouted instructions to what now could be distinguished as a pair of college-age girls. I suppose the only reason I relate this episode is to record the words of the eight-year-old boy in our boat who watched over the rescue operation with wide-eyed but self-contained interest. As six hands strained to lift a waterlogged and exhausted young woman into the boat, the skipper cautioning her to stay clear of the propeller, the boy leaned forward, looked the victim in the face, and piped up: "Are you a girl?"

Naples was bulging with winetasters and other browsers on this glowing autumn weekend, but a Neapolitan assured me it was nothing compared to past turnouts. Naples toned down its celebration of the Grape Festival this year so as not to attract the same gangs of motorcyclists who arrived a year ago in German army helmets and Iron Crosses and generally created more havoc than the townsfolk cared to see repeated. So this year the parade and other events were canceled and the festival was moved up a week to coincide with the Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, in the hope that the hardhats on wheels would take their thunder elsewhere. The plan evidently succeeded, because on Saturday afternoon the main street of Naples was peaceful, if crowded, and people were quietly hunting through an outdoor art show.

I wanted a close-up look at the big, blue, mechanical grape picker that wine producers claim will put the human hand out of business. The Finger Lakes region used to attract itinerant workers up from the South and Puerto Rico, but that source dwindled long ago, and now most of the labor force hired to pick what the machine can't reach are housewives and kids eager to earn gasoline money.

We stood on the edge of a broad field outside Naples and waited for the mechanical picker to make its way down a long row of French-American hybrid grapes hanging in bursting purple clusters. "It takes forty men an hour to pick an acre," the foreman told me, "but this machine can do the same job with only two men. And it can work in the rain, when human workers have to go home. Human pickers are paid by the pound, so they pick everything—vines, unripened grapes, and all. The machine shakes the vines so that only the ripe, mature berries are loosened."

Despite its heralded efficiency, the blue monster didn't seem to be growing much larger on the horizon. Here the foreman admitted to a few of its shortcomings. It often picks faster than the trailing sidecars can be emptied, and on a grade of more than 10 per cent, it's useless. Finally the machine appeared, its iron claws rattling the vines with a vengeance. I held my applause.

Watkins Glen, on the southern tip of Seneca Lake, was clearly anticipating an Event when I pulled into town late Saturday afternoon. There were plenty of motorcycles plying the main drag (though no Iron Crosses were in sight) and knots of young people hanging about on the sidewalks. It was a very American blue-levis-and-denim-jacket convocation, though one could also detect a European flavor, albeit faint, in the pairs and groups of foreign faces, and the strange syllables filtering through the rush of American sounds.

Auto bugs crowded around the window of a garage, straining for a glimpse of the Formula I racing cars being worked over by dark-visaged Europeans, the same men who would be in the pits tomorrow hoping not to have to lift a wrench.

At a party on the eve of the race, Ken Purdy, *Playboy*'s motoring correspond-

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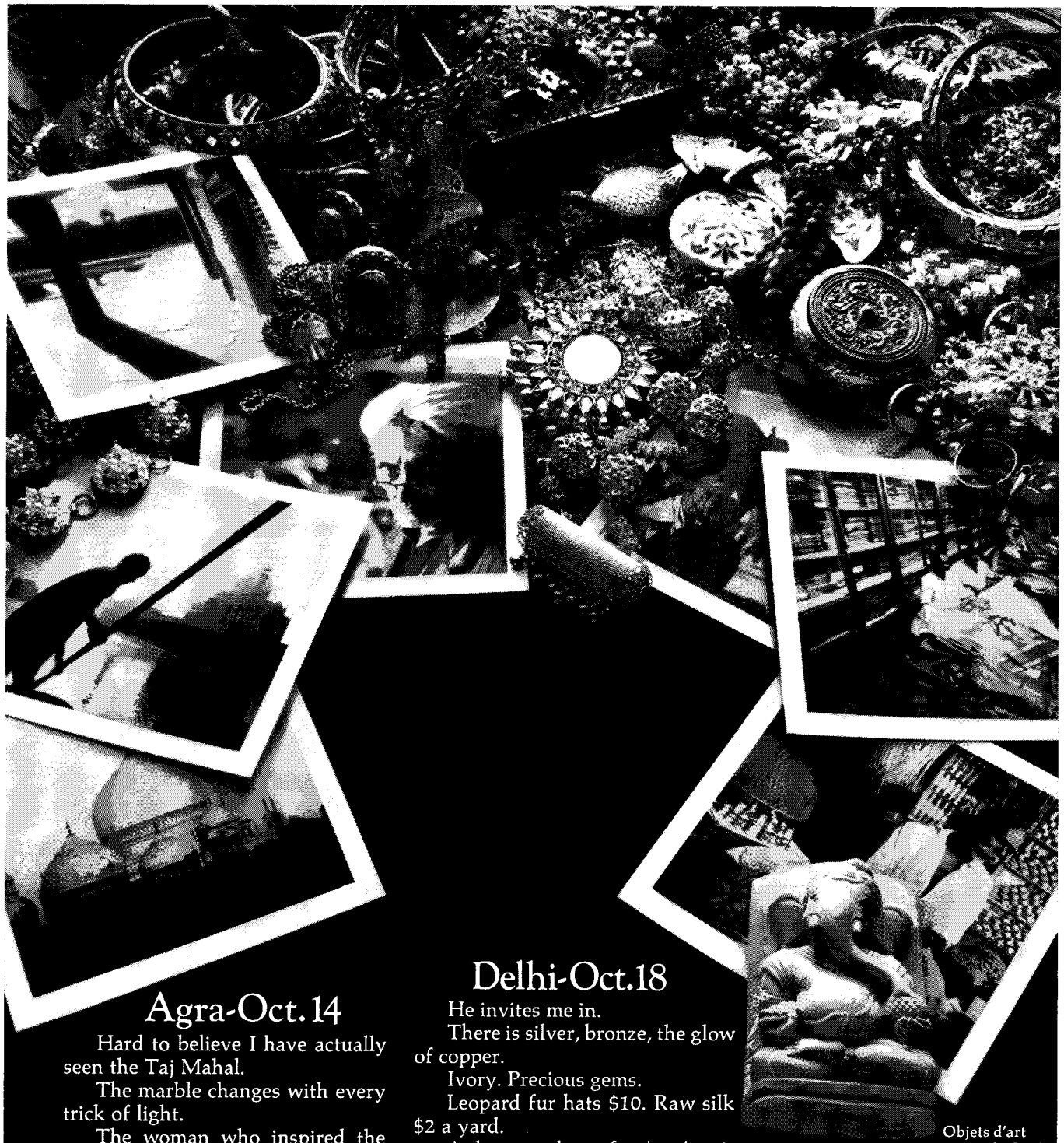

Agra-Oct. 14

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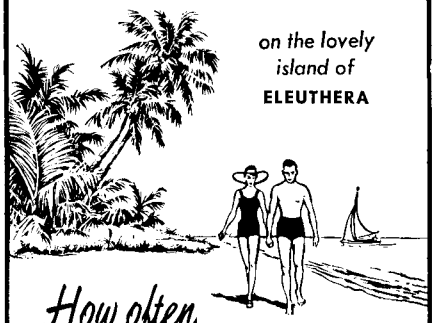

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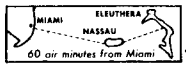

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NYA 920-2

ent, advised me how to watch this American counterpart of Le Mans and Monza. He said the important thing is the start: "All the drama is in the start. The rest is boring." He also warned me to stand on the inside railing of the track, never on the outside, because a car spinning out of control veers to the outside by virtue of simple physics. This has been a particularly violent year on the Grand Prix circuit, Jochen Rindt, for one, having died in a practice run at Monza. "Grand Prix drivers are like Roman gladiators," Purdy said. "They try not to get too close to each other, because they know that death is always so close."

On Sunday there was a November chill in the air and massive gray clouds hung over Seneca Lake. Purdy was right: the start had it all. In fact, the warm-up laps packed more excitement than the balance of the race itself, for this was my first exposure to the screeching, squealing getaway. Flashes of color, there and gone. Stout black wheels vanishing around the first curve as though linked to rails. When the pack flies up the track and around the bend, all you see from behind is black rubber; the cars are slung so low the drivers are strapped in their seats almost horizontally.

The second the flag went down, the two dozen machines raised such a deafening racket I thought the clouds would split overhead. Purdy had related enough of Jackie Stewart's human side that I couldn't help pulling for the little, shaggy-haired Scotsman, and right at the start he shot into the lead and continued to edge away from the field in his royal-blue rocket.

Here I must confess to a sporting heresy: I left before the race was over. Inching through the departing traffic (mine wasn't the only early exit), I looked back at the scoreboard to see Stewart's name scratched from the top three. Thankfully, there had been no crack-up—just a mechanical failure. In fact, as I learned from one of the doctors assigned to the race, not a drop of blood was spilled all afternoon, among racers and spectators both. The chief casualty was a drunken fan who couldn't find his car.

I got back to my *pied-à-terre* in time to catch the *real* Vikings-Packers game on television and to gaze out the window, between plays, at the vine-covered slopes around Seneca Lake, awash in sunlight. I should add that the computerized radio broadcast of Friday night fluffed the outcome: Green Bay, not Minnesota, won by three. For a machine, that's getting pretty close.

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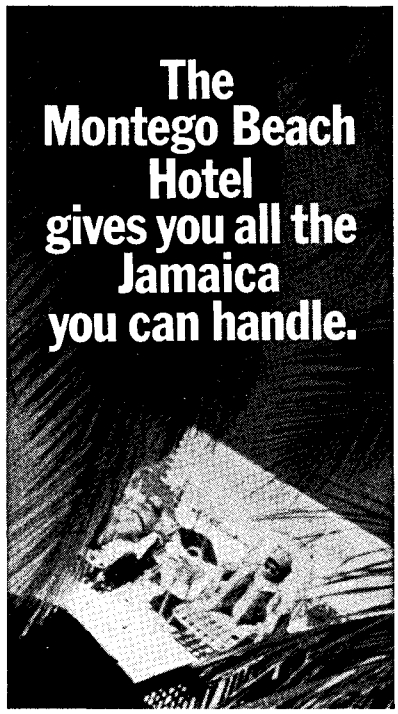

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Pentagon

Continued from page 25

hates war more than the professional soldier. I think Alexis de Tocqueville was closer to the mark when he wrote in his *Democracy in America* in 1835:

> . . . all the ambitious minds in a democratic army ardently long for war, because war makes vacancies [for promotion] available and at last allows violations of the rule of seniority, which is the one privilege natural to a democracy. We thus arrive at the strange conclusion that of all armies those which long for war most ardently are the democratic ones, but that of all peoples those most deeply attached to peace are the democratic nations. And the most extraordinary thing about the whole matter is that it is equality which is responsible for both these contradictory results.

Beyond the ambition of which de Tocqueville wrote, there is even more danger to our democracy from the dehumanizing kind of war we are fighting in Indochina. It produces among the military an insensitivity to life hard for the civilian to comprehend. We have fought many wars before, but none since our Revolution has lasted as long as the present one. Officers and noncoms go back to Southeast Asia for second and third tours of duty, to engage in second and third rounds of killing. Such long immersion in violence of the kind peculiar to this war cannot but brutalize many of those who go through it. One example of such brutalization can be found in Seymour M. Hersh's book *Mylai 4: A Report on the Massacre and Its Aftermath:*

> One brigade commander ran a contest to celebrate his unit's 10,000th enemy kill. The winning GI received a week's pass to stay in the colonel's personal quarters. Many battalions staged contests among their rifle companies for the highest score in enemy kills, with the winning unit getting additional time for passes.

I can recall nothing during World War II that equals in callousness a statement that Hersh attributes to one colonel, the son of a famous general: "I do like to see the arms and legs fly." Horrifying words, but no more so than "body count," "free-fire zone," and other euphemisms the military use to camouflage their deadly business.

Perhaps there is something in the theory advanced by psychologist Erich Fromm, in his book *The Heart of Man: Its Genius for Good and Evil,* that in men there are polar attitudes toward life: "biophilia" (love of life) and "necrophilia" (love of death). Fromm feels that Spinoza in his *Ethics* epito-

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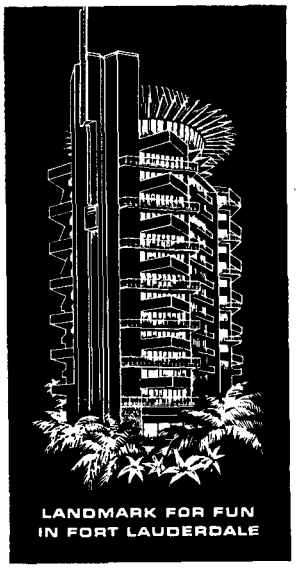

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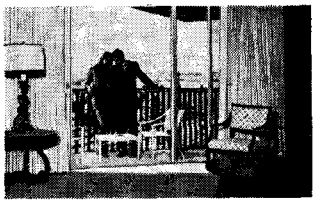

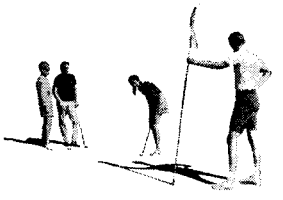

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mized the spirit of the biophile: "'A freeman thinks of death least of all things; and his wisdom is a dedication not of death but of life.'" The necrophile, on the other hand, has values precisely the reverse, for death, not life, excites and satisfies him.

Fromm goes on to say that the necrophile, by extension in modern society, might be labeled *Homo mechanicus* who

> has more pride in, and is more fascinated by, devices that can kill millions of people across a distance of several thousands of miles within minutes than he is frightened and depressed by the possibility of such mass destruction. . . .
>
> If more people became aware of the difference between love of life and love of death, if they became aware that they themselves are already far gone in the direction of indifference or of necrophilia, this shock alone could produce new and healthy reactions. . . . Many might see through the pious rationalizations of the death lovers and change their admiration for them to disgust. Beyond this, our hypothesis would suggest one thing to those concerned with peace and survival: that every effort must be made to weaken the attraction of death and to strengthen the attraction of life. Why not declare that there is only one truly dangerous subversion, the subversion of life? Why do not those who represent the traditions of religion and humanism speak up and say that there is no deadlier sin than love of death and contempt for life?

These are the kinds of questions the young are asking—not only those who demonstrate and dissent but those, too, who go unwillingly aboard the jet aircraft that fly daily from the West Coast to Saigon. A very few young people have resorted to criminal violence, but only a few. The supposition that they represent an entire generation is a hysterical invention of people like Spiro Agnew, people who seem to have lost faith in America. By and large, the young of today are life affirmers; they have new ideas and new perspectives, which warrant our respectful attention.

However, the task of strengthening the "attraction of life," the core of the American optimism that built this country, is in the hands of those no longer young. It is my generation who must halt, and then turn back the incursions the military have made in our *civilian* system. These incursions have subverted or muffled civilian voices within the Executive branch, weakened the Constitutional role and responsibility of the Congress, and laid on the public an economic and psychological burden that could be disastrous.

World of Dance

Walter Terry

"Cinderella"

THEY CAME in droves, to the end of the subway line in Flatbush, to see their adored one, and she did not disappoint them. She appeared to be not more than eighteen years old; her eyes shone with the wonder of love and adventure; her smile radiated delight; her body moved through space as if she were a sculptress of air. At the close of the matinee, near pandemonium struck as the adoring fans raced down the aisles of Brooklyn College's Walt Whitman Auditorium, fighting aging exiters to achieve some magical propinquity with her over the footlights. Dame Margot Fonteyn had danced.

The occasion was the first performance in New York of the three-act *Cinderella,* staged and choreographed by Ben Stevenson for the National Ballet of Washington, D. C. It is, of course, set to the celebrated Prokofiev score, and it is further blessed with fairy tale-evoking scenery by Edward Haynes and fine costumes by Norman McDowell. Dame Margot has danced in this *Cinderella* before but not in greater New York—it is not to be confused with the Royal Ballet's famous staging by Sir Frederick Ashton in which Fonteyn has often starred.

The Stevenson ballet, smooth-running and well choreographed (the two *pas de deux* for Cinderella and the Prince and the variations for the four seasons are especially felicitous), is an ideal vehicle for the ballerina, for, although she is fifty-one, she gives the illusion of being ever-young as a real fairy-tale being is expected to be. Her dancing is superlative, in *allegro* as well as *adagio* actions, and her characterization of the shy heroine wins every heart.

Desmond Kelly was her handsome, gallant, and agile Prince; and Frederic Franklin, director of the National Ballet, and Edwards Myers, *en travesti,* were fun as the Ugly Sisters. But the other members of this good-looking and beautifully trained company also provided Dame Margot with first-class support.

In Manhattan, the big dance news has been the season (now near its end) at the New York City Center by the resident dance troupe, the City Center Joffrey Ballet, one of the nation's foremost companies. Last season, it put on a revival of Fokine's *Petrouchka* that was disappointing. It still is, but there is now a new Petrouchka, Gary Chryst,

—Ron Protas

Dame Margot Fonteyn (with Desmond Kelly in "Cinderella")—"a sculptress of air."

whose profoundly conceived and touching characterization of the marionette makes the whole thing worthwhile. Chryst is not simply imitating a clown-doll; rather he has found and communicated to the audience the tormented soul living in a sawdust body. It is a remarkable characterization, one of the few great Petrouchkas of this generation.

The Joffrey company has added Todd Bolender's fifteen-year-old ballet *The Still Point* (three movements of Debussy's String Quartet) to its repertory. It has been, and remains, an effec-

(*Continued on page* 76)

—Herbert Migdoll

Gary Chryst in the title role of "Petrouchka"—"tormented soul in a sawdust body."

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Not since the frontier days have the American Indians faced greater threats to their existence than they do today.

Malnutrition, disease and despair are rampant. The school drop-out rate is 50% greater than the national average. Unemployment is 10 times the rate of other Americans. The American Indian today has the shortest life expectancy of any group in the country.

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Through Save the Children Federation you can do a remarkable number of things for a child like Lisa. Your contribution will provide funds for the clothes and supplies she needs to continue school. A grant or loan may enable her parents to make their home more livable or to start a self-help project. And a portion of the money will be put into a fund from which a community can borrow to build a village center, install sanitary facilities, provide vocational training or other community projects. But most of all, this money, and the self-help projects it is used for, will provide a climate of hope and a vision of a better future.

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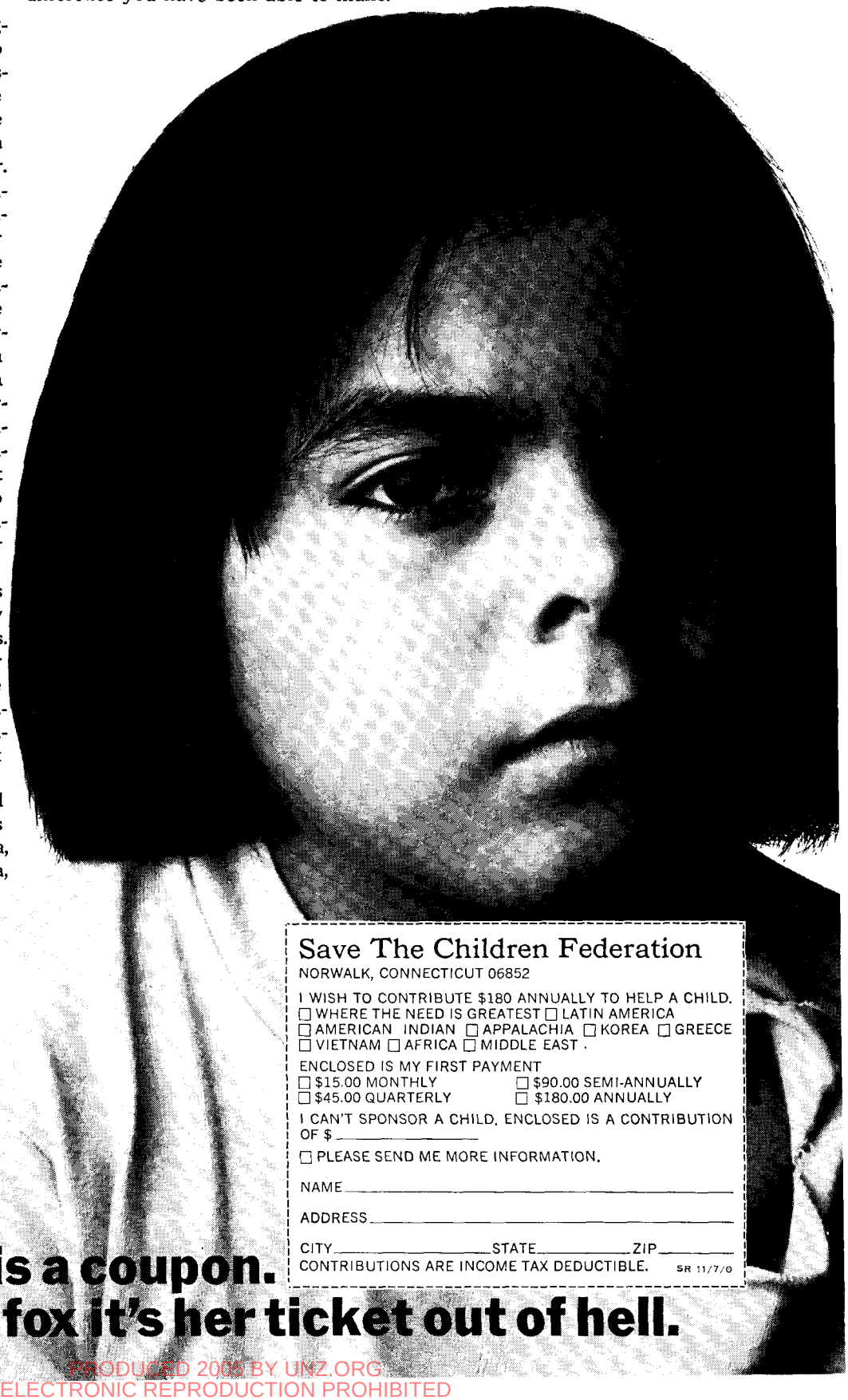

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Ben Shahn

Continued from page 26

the creation of an evocative document that would recall in tranquillity an intensely felt response to some sector of the human environment or experience.

What pleased Shahn most about the camera was its unique ability to preserve the ephemeral—a fleeting image, a fragment of feeling, a fraction of time. To be sure, the picture elements would have to be framed in an ordered relationship before what was originally seen and felt could be translated into a quickly comprehended visual vocabulary. Here the artist's trained eye would have its advantage as an instant translator and interpreter.

Conceding to a *U.S. Camera* reporter in 1946 that his interest in photography was primarily "to make notes for future paintings," Shahn certainly had a more immediate motivation during the FSA period of his career. Other observations he shared in that interview, however, reveal a consistent attitude toward all his image-making: "I paint or photograph for two reasons—either because I like certain events, things, or people with great intensity, or because I dislike others with equal intensity. I try to give my photographs and paintings as much of this intensity as I know how. . . . In photography, I'm interested in recording essentials, the essentials of form—the unessentials I crop in printing. . . . I never think about composition when I shoot. If my photographs have what is called composition, then that is so much velvet."

Characteristically, he believed that an artist's identity was ineffably linked to self-awareness and affirmation. For him, "as is" rather than "as if" was the keystone of his credo. Even as a young painter (with two extensive trips abroad already behind him), he wanted to shed European stylistic influences and relate to his own time and place. Recalling years later what had been a turning point in his professional life, he said: "I got to thinking about the Sacco-Vanzetti case. . . . Ever since I could remember I wished that I had been lucky enough to be alive when something big was going on, like the Crucifixion. And suddenly I realized I was. Here I was living through another crucifixion. Here was something to paint!" By 1935 "something big" was going on throughout America—the daily miracle of survival on a rural landscape immobilized by drought, dust, and deprivation. Here, indeed, was something to *photograph*—and Shahn was among the first to do so as a member of Roy Stryker's FSA unit.

Recently reviewing some of the Shahn photographs, Stryker admitted that he found it difficult to pinpoint exactly what earmarked them for special attention. "But something happens there in those pictures. Maybe it was in the wonderful tolerance, sympathy, and feeling he had for people—for human beings. He said, 'I talk to them. . . . I like them. I like people—and maybe they knew I liked them.' Ben was a man of great experience—a man with a sense of life. He knew about lots of things . . . he knew about people. I believe that he did have the ability to reach out and reach into individuals by his nature, his manner, his approach when he was taking pictures. In some way, people opened up. They opened up and said, 'Here we are.' Looking at his pictures, one is sure that he related to those people and knew something about what was going on in their minds and troubled lives. His pictures project a sense of place, but not necessarily any particular locale. You know one scene is in a town, another is out in the country. All are part of a period which reflected an economic and social attitude born of hard times."

The photographer himself would probably have agreed with much of this analysis. In his own evaluation of what the FSA assignment meant to him, however, he preferred to focus on the effect it had on his painting. Assessing the post-World War II directions of art—his own included—he acknowledged that "for me the change had begun during the time when I worked in the Resettlement Administration [FSA]. I had then crossed and recrossed many sections of the country, and had come to know well so many people of all kinds of belief and temperament, which they maintained with a transcendent indifference to their lot in life. Theories had melted before such experience. My own painting then had turned from what is called 'social realism' into a sort of personal realism. I found the qualities of people a constant pleasure. . . . There were the poor who were rich in spirit and the rich who were also sometimes rich in spirit."

Never underestimating the usefulness of photography as a visual aid to his painting, Shahn had no pretensions about his technical camera skills. In response to a question once put to him by Katharine Kuh, he quickly replied, "I was not trained as a photographer. I took it [photography] up to help me sharpen my vision of the specific. I felt very strongly that I could arrive at broad generalizations about human beings through sharpened observation of the specific. For example, for the painting called *Handball* I made many photos of handball players in the slum playgrounds of New York."

James Thrall Soby, the artist's most dependable biographer, has noted that many of his paintings were "imaginative reconstructions of snapshots which he—or occasionally others—had taken." The election poster that appears in the painting *Sunday Football* was a realistic detail Shahn borrowed intact from his poster-picture file. *Myself Among the Churchgoers* (in which he depicted himself training his right-angle viewfinder on a scene that is a prototype of those he had seen and photographed many times during his FSA travels), *The Blind Accordion Player, Nearly Everybody Reads the Bulletin, East Twelfth Street, Welders, Ave*—any and all of these, as well as figures and configurations that reappear in some of the Shahn murals, are strongly derivative of his earlier camera subjects.

Pointing out such similarities has become a little game that critics like to play. But the fact that the artist was able to find multiple applications for his photographic images in no way diminishes their primary value as pictures. Rather, it heightens the realization that the inner eye continually transcends the arbitrary bonds of time and space in extracting the universal essence from the particulars of experience.

Although his camera was as adept at social comment as his brush, Shahn used the idiom of the lens less for throwing stones at the Establishment than for making a personal statement about the human condition. To his way of seeing, man's world was an easily traceable graph of hapless ironies, of isolation amid overcrowding, of cold facades masking human warmth, of eyeless windows, of doors that opened only to vistas of barren desolation.

Whatever his indictments may have been, however, they were not without the leaven of humor or the salt of satire. His close-up of a photographer's window becomes a social register of the anonymous and uncelebrated of Main Street, U.S.A.; his Circleville, Ohio, scenes square the circle to let the viewer share in the charades of small-town life.

Ben Shahn believed that "it is the mission of art to remind man he is human." Sighting with a self-assigned "humble lens," he accomplished that mission as an FSA photographer. For he preserved on film a memorable—and unvarnished—camera portrait of rural America trapped in the inhumanities of the Thirties.

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ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

Within the System

One of the most encouraging events of recent years is the unadvertised acquisition by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers of a thirty-nine-year-old University of Chicago urban planner, Professor John R. Sheaffer, as science adviser to the corps boss, Robert F. Jordan III, who is general counsel to the Secretary of the Army as well as the Secretary's Special Assistant for Civil Functions. Sheaffer has publicly declared (see, for example, page 62 of this issue of *SR*) in favor of an absolute ban on the dumping of any waste into any watercourse in the United States. He has designed a sewage disposal system that makes such dumping unnecessary. The Corps of Engineers already has responsibility for enforcement of an 1899 law prohibiting dumping by industry without specific permission from the corps. The engineers' authority does not, however, extend to wastes poured into streams by municipalities. Sheaffer's appointment, therefore, can be interpreted as a prelude to the plugging of a loophole.

Sheaffer's presence in Washington on Jordan's advance planning staff takes on special significance because the Commanding General of the Corps of Engineers has just named a special advisory panel on the environment, and the U.S. Senate Public Works Committee—to which the engineers must go for Congressional approval of appropriations—has recently announced a matching group of environmental watchdogs.

The Rivers and Harbors Act of 1899 (better known as the Refuse Act) has sharper teeth than most laws. Violations of it are counted as criminal rather than as civil offenses. Individual officers of guilty corporations can be heavily fined or even jailed.

The severity of the penalties may have something to do with maneuvers now taking place within the Internal Revenue Service, collector of the federal income tax. The IRS has refused to grant tax-exempt status to the Natural Resources Defense Council, Inc., a nonprofit organization of lawyers and others (including such prominent figures as John B. Oakes of *The New York Times* and Laurance Rockefeller) dedicated to protecting the environment through the courts. The Natural Resources Defense Council has protested the ruling, pointing out that absence of the tax exemption will cut off contributions that enable the financing of suits brought in the name of the people. The IRS has promised to study the matter and to announce before mid-December a decision covering all "public interest law firms" and other organizations that litigate or support litigation directed toward preservation of rights we all hold in common.

It is difficult to understand why any study by the IRS is necessary. As far back as the passage of the Refuse Act of 1899, Congress made clear its intent to encourage public participation in efforts to protect the environment. Following any conviction under that act, the law gave the presiding judge discretion to assign "one-half of said fine . . . to the person or persons giving information" leading to the conviction. Informers' bounties have been paid to private persons and groups of persons on several occasions.

More recently, a Federal District Court has stayed construction of an access road for the proposed trans-Alaska oil pipe line on the strength of a private plaintiff's protest. And the new air pollution bill now in Congressional conference is so worded as to invite citizen suits.

The precedents cited here have been called to the attention of IRS Commissioner Randolph W. Thrower by Russell E. Train, chairman of President Nixon's Council on Environmental Quality. Train is eminently qualified to speak on the point, having been a tax court judge. He spelled out for Thrower various ways in which the courts themselves can discriminate between valid spokesmen for the public interest and spurious pretenders. If its use is necessary, Train added, IRS has adequate control power short of killing off initiative. Train also listed a couple of references to the first annual report of the Council on Environmental Quality. He might have gone further and noted that the report included an entire chapter titled "Citizen Participation." He probably felt constrained from mentioning that the Pulitzer Prize-winning member of the CEQ, Robert Cahn, had been a panelist at the founding conference of the Natural Resources Defense Council, Inc., in Princeton last March 21. But he did remind Thrower that in his February 10, 1970, message to Congress on the environment, President Nixon pleaded for "greater citizen involvement" in the "fight against pollution."

Newspaper columnists ranging across the ideological spectrum from *The Village Voice* in New York to the Washington *Post* have been asking how the IRS maneuvers can be greeted by anything but derision from those alienated youths who resent exhortation to "work within the system." How responsive is a system that allows corporations to deduct legal costs from taxes, while lawyers representing the people are refused the privilege of payment from tax-exempt sources?

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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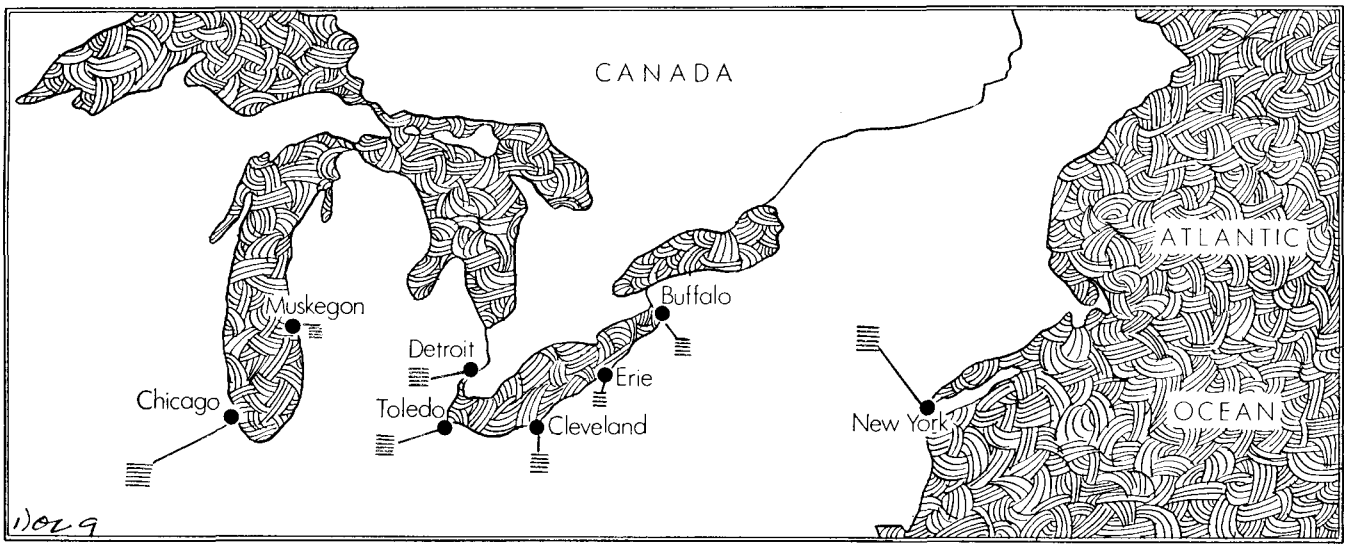

Map indicates feasible inland irrigation sites for disposal of sewage now polluting Great Lakes.

REVIVING THE GREAT LAKES

First step: Stop the dumping of sewage. The Federal Water Quality Administration is backing a test of farmland fertilization.

by JOHN R. SHEAFFER

The death of Lake Erie has been announced. Premature aging, brought on by excessive intake of powerful stimulants, is given as the cause. And it is said that the whole Great Lakes system is rapidly being brought to the end of its life by the same malady.

This calamitous news should not be accepted as the final word. The Great Lakes have been grievously abused, but the effects are not irreversible. Technology competent to restore a fondly remembered past is available. All we lack is the will to use it.

The revival could be started by one simple official order: "No direct discharge of any wastes into any watercourse."

There are those who will say that such a directive would be meaningless for practical purposes because alternate means of waste disposal either are not available or are far too expensive to contemplate. But the Federal Water Quality Administration of the U.S. Department of the Interior is gambling the biggest single project grant in its history on the conviction that a workable substitute for indiscriminate dumping into the lakes is at hand. FWQA is committed to spend $2-million on the opening phase of a research project intended to demonstrate that sewage and factory effluent presently being poured into Lake Michigan can be diverted to fertilize barren land in Michigan. If all projections for the scheme prove out, this new waste disposal system will pay for itself and net a profit, perhaps even stimulate the economy of Michigan by building up an agro-industrial complex of respectable size.

Michigan's Muskegon County, fronting on the eastern shore of the lake directly opposite Milwaukee, is the scene of this precedent-setting experiment, which is built around acceptance of the principle that nature is a closed ecological system and that wastes, when properly cycled back into the system, are valuable resources. Wastes become liabilities only when they lose their rightful place in the cycle. Human and animal excrement, emptied into watercourses, stimulates aquatic plant growth and turns lakes into bogs. When spread upon the land, however, the same chemical constituents of waste give nutriment to food grains and vegetables.

Historically, the closed-system principle, though recognized by professional ecologists, has been ignored in practice in this country. We have dumped our wastes into rivers and lakes for generations. As long as the human population remained a statistically insignificant factor in the system, oxygen and bacteria in the water decomposed the waste and redistributed the chemicals in the purifying process. A certain amount of acceleration occurred in the rate of eutrophication (a geological process through which lakes gradually fill up and become first marshes and then dry land) but not enough to be distressing.

However, as cities and towns multiplied and grew and as household conveniences such as detergents were added to the burden of sewage, the amount of waste rose to flood proportions. Phosphorus, potassium, and nitrogen released into the water encouraged proliferation of colonies of plants to choke streams and lake beds, exhaust the oxygen supply, and overwhelm the restorative microorganisms. Idyllic watercourses deteriorated into stagnant, stinking pools.

Eight years ago, public-spirited members of the faculty of Pennsylvania State University reminded us of the intelligent way out of this dilemma. Long before then, the university had built a sewage disposal plant to serve the school together with the borough of State College, which existed chiefly as a dormitory community. The plant was designed in two stages: the first a sedimentation basin in which solid waste particles were separated out by gravity, the second a biological trap in which microorganisms digested organic matter in the wastes. The chlorinated effluent from the plant emptied into nearby Duck Pond and thence into Spring Creek, a tributary of the Juniata River, which flowed into the Susquehanna and on to Chesapeake Bay.

As the town and the school expanded, the amount of effluent added to the water rose from a million gallons a day to 3.5 million gallons a day, and the

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university faculty anticipated the time when the volume might reach six million gallons a day. Ultimately, if matters continued in that direction, Spring Creek would no longer be a body of water carrying away the liquid residue of human waste but a torrent of human waste carrying unrecognizable water through the beautiful Nittany Valley.

The geological structure of the valley was underlaid with limestone, which formed aquifers for storage of water underground all the way from Bellefonte to Scotia Mine. The water level in these subterranean reservoirs had been falling at the rate of 75 feet a year for a period of years. Being followers of the land grant college tradition, the Penn State faculty members were well aware of the remarkable filtering properties of the soil. They decided to test whether it would be possible to divert the sewage effluent from Duck Pond and spread it instead on adjacent crop land, open fields, and woods owned by the university. A network of irrigation pipes was spread out from the pond (thus avoiding Spring Creek) to the test plots, and the sewage effluent was driven through these pipes and sprinkled onto the soil summer and winter for a period of six years.

At the end of the test period, it was found that the water level in the underground aquifers had dropped only a few feet each year in contrast to the precipitous annual decline previously experienced. Corn and hay grown on the irrigated land yielded three times the harvest of fields not involved in the experiment. Wheat planted in the test plots retained the same yield as before, but the protein content of the wheat rose. Northern pine trees grew as rapidly as southern pines usually do. The bird and animal population of the test area thrived on the new regime [for further details see "The Crisis in Water —What Brought It On?" *SR*, Oct. 23, 1965].

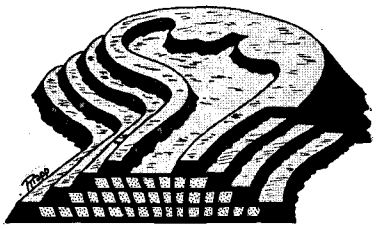
One of the inspirations for this experiment was work that had been done at Seabrook Farms in New Jersey by the late Professor Warren Thornthwaite, who was associated with the geography department at the University of Chicago while I was a graduate student there. I remember listening to his descriptions of the Seabrook project and wondering why he did not propose its application on a grand scale. Consequently, when I began to receive personal reports of the Penn State project from one of its prime movers, Dr. R. R. Parizek, I pondered more deeply than ever the implications of the idea's application to widespread urban areas.

Parizek, a young geologist who had taken his Ph.D. at the University of Illinois before going to Penn State, had been a college roommate of Dr. Arthur J. Zeizel, my assistant during my tenure as resource planning officer at the Northeast Illinois Planning Commission. Parizek visited Zeizel periodically and would tell us about what he was doing in Pennsylvania. The information he conveyed went into momentary storage at the back of my head through the three years during which I was occupied—first at the Northeast Illinois Planning Commission and then as research associate at the Center for Urban Studies of the University of Chicago—with problems of flood plain management. But in the spring of 1968, the subject moved to the front of my mind in response to a plea from Roderick Dittmer, director of planning for Muskegon County.

Dittmer dropped in at the Center for Urban Studies one day and said he would welcome some guidance in drawing up a policy to govern Muskegon County's planning for the future use of the county's water resources. Muskegon County was party to a four-state (Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana) pact calling for an 80 per cent reduction in phosphates discharged into Lake Michigan by the end of the year 1972. It was Dittmer's responsibility to recommend how this cleanup could best be done in his county. My research associates and I agreed to help him in return for what the experience could teach us about managing urban environments. Muskegon County had about every modern problem we could imagine—racial, economic, educational, environmental—yet it encompassed an area small enough to study in everyday operation. A population of 170,000 is contained within 512 square miles.

Our initial investigations identified an interrelationship between two ma-

JOHN R. SHEAFFER was born in the Amish farming country of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, thirty-nine years ago. After being graduated from Millersville State College and teaching at Donegal High School for three years, he accepted a graduate fellowship at the University of Chicago and there took his Ph.D. under the eminent geographer Gilbert White. Ever since then Sheaffer has been engaged in natural resource management. He first came to national prominence as designer of Mt. Trashmore, an artificial hill that is being built of garbage encased in native clay for use as a ski slope and winter recreation center in DuPage County, Illinois, just south of Chicago. In adjacent columns of *SR* he tells how an official of Muskegon County, Michigan, sought him out at the University of Chicago's Center for Urban Studies and asked his help in solving a sewage disposal problem related to pollution of Lake Michigan. The revolutionary nature of that project, which is now supported by the largest single grant of research funds ever made by the Federal Water Quality Administration, was recognized in a personal letter Sheaffer received from President Nixon. It also drew the attention of Robert F. Jordan III, general counsel to the Secretary of the United States Army and the Secretary's special assistant for civil functions. The most important of these functions are carried out by the Army Corps of Engineers, which has sweeping authority over the waterways of the country. Jordan offered Sheaffer civil service rank superior to that of a two-star general in order to persuade the bold young planner to take a year's leave from the University of Chicago faculty and serve as science adviser to Jordan. In recent weeks Sheaffer and Jordan's advance planning staff together have been exploring ways and means of shaping the engineers' traditional mission to make it—in Jordan's words —"responsive to current sets of priorities." "It looks to me," Jordan told *SR*'s science editor, "as if the trend of the future is going to have to be away from the local fragmentations of the past. It also looks as if waste disposal will have to be shunted away from the water. We intend to see what contribution the Corps of Engineers can make in the national interest."



Mount Trashmore, John Sheaffer's child, is growing upward in layers of garbage cells fixed in clay. Planned top-off point: 125 feet.

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jor causes of Muskegon County's economic woes. The county had never developed an agricultural economy to balance its industrial strength, nor had it capitalized on the recreational resource potential represented by Muskegon, Mona, and White Lakes. Popular use of the lakes was inhibited by pollution of the water, while the poor agricultural yield was caused by low fertility of the soil. Obviously, a wastewater irrigation system similar in its fundamentals to the one demonstrated at Penn State could fertilize the barren land with chemicals recovered from sewage diverted from the lakes.

Why had such an eminently sensible concept not been pushed to a stage that would give it national prominence? Was it because no set of elected officials had ever laid down a sufficiently demanding policy to suggest the notion to public appointees responsible for municipal water and sewage works? Acting on that probability, we wrote for Dittmer a statement of policy that could be effectuated only by banning discharge of pesticides, insecticides, phosphates, and other pollutants into the rivers and lakes. Dittmer courageously endorsed the statement and presented it to the Muskegon County Planning Commission. The commission, rallying behind its fighting chairman, Michael Kobza, added its approval. And then we encountered trouble.

The Michigan State Water Resources Commission did not like our point of view. What we proposed would meet any situation anyone could think of up to the year 2000. Why go to all that expense? It was costly enough to try to think in terms of 1980.

If the United States Supreme Court had not delivered its famous legislative reapportionment decision—the "one man, one vote" edict—we very probably would have lost our case right there. The old forty-man board of Muskegon County commissioners almost certainly would have bogged down in endless rounds of precinct politics. Fortunately, a reapportioned board of only fifteen members took office on January 1, 1969. With a remarkable disregard for partisan considerations, the nine Democrats and six Republicans (with F. Charles Raap sitting as chairman) voted in February to support the County Planning Commission in the face of the state Water Resources Commission's displeasure. We were thus authorized to come up with a plan to carry out the policy we had enunciated.

In earlier efforts to break through the conventional restraints that have kept politics so far behind technology in the handling of waste disposal, I had formed a professional liaison with William J. Bauer, founder of the Bauer Engineering Company of Chicago. I now proposed that Muskegon County hire Bauer to draw up engineering specifications for a comprehensive sewage disposal system that would leave no environmental after-effects for future generations to worry about. A contract with Bauer was underwritten jointly by the county and the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development.

Bauer worked out a system far more sophisticated than Penn State's experimental project. He proposed coupling of the sewage outlets of twelve cities and townships into one great outlet pipe that swung away from Lake Michigan, Muskegon Lake, Mona Lake, and White Lake—traditional sinks for the wastes in these communities—and fifteen miles inland to virtually uninhabited sandy barrens of the eastern part of the county. There the pipe would empty into three aerated lagoons, each covering eight acres. These man-made basins, agitated continually by streams of air from mechanical mixers to minimize odor while bacterial colonies in the waste matter decomposed their host, would be big enough to hold the waste flow up to three days. This would enable accommodation of sudden surges of water such as occur after storms. And, because of the volume of water contained at one time, toxic industrial spills could kill the restorative bacteria and yet remain under treatment long enough for a new bacterial colony to grow and do its necessary work.

The enormous advantage represented by the latter circumstance may not be widely appreciated because most people do not realize that the conventional sewage treatment system in use in most American communities suffers regular spells during which the helpful bacteria are dead and the sewage simply passes through the system in an almost raw state. These spells last anywhere from seven to ten days. If six of them happen each year (one Midwestern state suggests that as an average), almost raw sewage is dumped into watercourses about one day in every week.

The system Bauer designed for Muskegon County called for two storage lagoons to hold the waste after it had passed through the aerating lagoons. Each of these storage receptacles would occupy 900 acres. Their purpose would be to hold the waste during the winter months when the ground would be too hardened by cold to absorb the effluent. After being withheld until the return of milder weather, the waste might be used as fertilizer during the remainder of the year.

Bauer's system finally called for the effluent to be piped from the storage lagoons to rotary irrigation rigs, which would spray the liquid with its suspended solids over almost 6,000 acres of now unproductive but potentially valuable sandy soil.

One appendix to the plan estimated a profit of $740,000 a year from sale of corn that could be grown on the irrigated fields, a quadrupling of the value of the land because of the irrigation, opening of at least 1,200 new jobs, recreational development of shorelines now useless because of uglification caused by water pollution, and construction of a 200-boat marina. Another appendix described a new industrial complex that might be built around the corn crop. Among its suggested products were feed for cattle, oil for the human diet, charcoal for use in Muskegon's existing paper mill, starch for the paper mill and for a foundry, carbon dioxide gas for a carbonate mill, calcium hydroxide for use on the irrigated land, and furfuryl alcohol for the finishing of office furniture.

Apart from its dollars and cents aspect, the Bauer system offered an intangible human bonus of inestimable value. This arises from a growing suspicion among public health physicians that many rapidly spreading diseases in this country are transmitted by viruses. How do the viruses travel? Their presence is not sought by any water quality tests now in use. Studies have been made of viruses in sewage, however, and thirteen different viruses have been found in raw sewage, in effluent from primary (one-step) sewage treatment plants, and in effluent from secondary (two-step) treatment plants as well. A month-long sequestration of the effluent in oxidation ponds kills 70 per cent of the viruses. But only after the effluent is filtered through soil do the viruses disappear altogether. Researchers have discovered that soil particles possess an electrical affinity for viruses, which allows the viruses to be grabbed by the soil and held long enough to be dismembered into innocuous protein.

Students of irrigation had one serious question about the Muskegon plan. It had to do with the established fact that elsewhere, in the past, prolonged irrigation saturated the land and created within it a mound of water that in time destroyed the enterprise. Because the thick layer of glacial debris—sands and gravel—underlying Muskegon County is incapable of holding water for long, the danger here was not great. Nevertheless, the Bauer system eliminated it by providing a network of drainage wells through which any threatening accumulation of excess water could be pumped back into the county's rivers and lakes.

The very farsightedness of the plan

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frightened some people away from it. They just could not believe it would perform as promised. The cities of Muskegon and Muskegon Heights already had drafted plans for systems that would continue dumping treated sewage into the water. From a short-range perspective, these systems looked cheaper than ours. Consequently, they seemed more desirable to the local politicians, who not unnaturally followed the advice of sanitation consultants they had known and trusted for years: men who were still working with technologies no longer competent to anticipate the needs of an exploding population.

The continuing absence of approval from the Michigan Water Resources Commission encouraged this local opposition. To counter it, we invited Parizek to come out from Penn State and show a short documentary movie of the Penn State project in operation. Dittmer, Kobza, Raap, and Muskegon County Administrator Ray Wells responded by rounding up their colleagues and chartering an airliner to take them to Penn State to inspect that experiment personally.

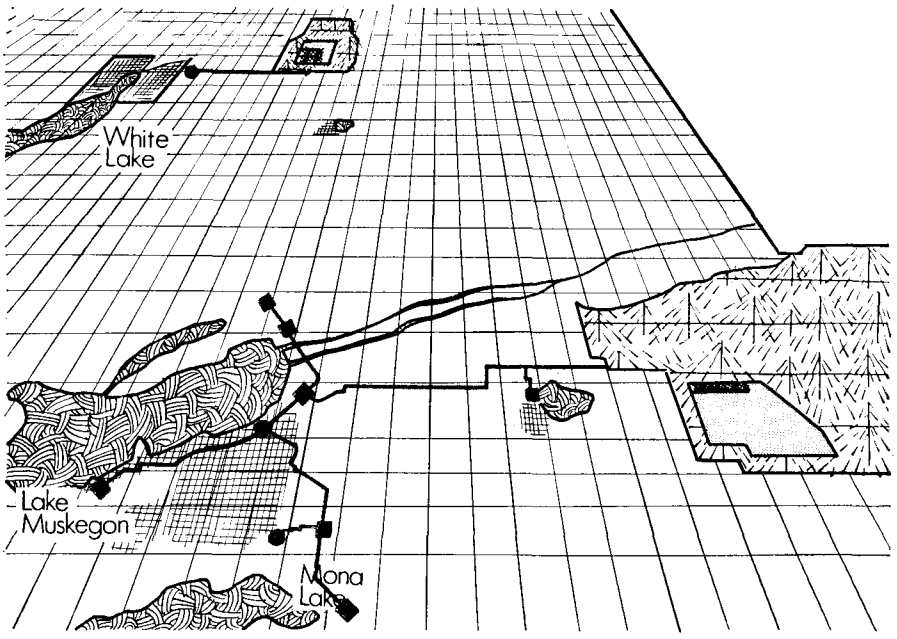
The political struggle surged back and forth, with the outcome unpredictable, until N. J. Lardieri, corporate director of air and water pollution for the S. D. Warren Paper Company, a division of Scott Paper—one of the three dominant industries in Muskegon County (Ott Chemical, a division of Corn Products, and Continental Motors, a division of Teledyne, are the other two)—asked to be shown the facts on which our policy decisions had been based. Although we figured his company would have to pay more than half the operating costs of the disposal system Bauer had planned (because charges for the system would be allocated according to the flow rate, and effluent from the S. D. Warren factory would make up 55 per cent of the total discharge into the system), Lardieri saw that our concept had the advantage of solving the water pollution problem once for all; the costs could be amortized with business-like predictability. When the other Muskegon industries followed S. D. Warren, our opposition began to crumble. But we still lacked the approval of the state of Michigan.

Michigan Congressman Guy Vander Jagt is the ranking Republican member of the Conservation and Natural Resources Subcommittee of the Government Operations Committee of the U.S. House of Representatives. On one of his frequent trips home to consult with his constituents, he heard of the furor we had raised. After meeting with us at dinner, he said: "It appears that our present efforts [in handling sewage disposal] are headed in the wrong direction." Later he added, "I will predict that the Muskegon County facility will be the focal point for the nation's battle to solve water pollution problems." He returned to Washington to make this prediction come true.

From David Dominick, head of the Federal Water Quality Administration, the Congressman went to Russell Train, chairman of the White House Council on Environmental Quality, and from Train to President Nixon's assistant for domestic affairs, John Ehrlichman, and Ehrlichman's environment specialist John Whittaker. The President must have heard about this round of visits, for he wrote me a letter expressing interest in the development of Muskegon's "new and promising approach to sewage disposal." Train voiced his enthusiasm to Dominick, who wrote glowingly to Congressman Vander Jagt. The Congressman personally carried Dominick's letter to Michigan Governor William Milliken. The Governor thereafter announced that he would make an environment tour of Michigan, with Muskegon as one of the stops. After his return to the capitol in Lansing at the end of this tour, the approval we had awaited from the Michigan Water Resources Commission came through.

In mid-September U.S. Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel announced that FWQA, which operates within his Cabinet jurisdiction, had awarded a $1,083,750 research and demonstration grant and an additional $981,650 construction grant to the Muskegon project. These sums cover only the first year of a seven-year commitment. Secretary Hickel fixed the total cost at approximately $30-million. Of this, the federal government will pay 55 per cent, the state of Michigan 25 per cent, and Muskegon County the balance. Design specifications are now being prepared for bids. Construction will be awarded about January 1, 1971, and the system ought to be in operation in 1972.

"If this project is completely successful, there will be many more opportunities to utilize similar systems in the Great Lakes region," Secretary Hickel said in his September announcement. This is unquestionably true. The Great Lakes basin is made up of glacial outwash plains. Large stretches of well-drained soil suitable for irrigation lie within reach of urban centers but beyond commuting zones and thus are susceptible to purchase at unexploited farmland prices. If we take the Muskegon irrigation tract as a model, simple mathematics tells us that a billion gallons of waste water per day (that is the flow rate of Chicago's sewage disposal system, the largest in the country) can be disposed of on 260,000 acres of land. A preliminary survey of the major metropolitan areas in the United States suggests that all of them could be served in this manner by using marginal lands equivalent to no more than 2 per cent of the acreage on which fifty-nine principal crops were harvested in 1968.



—Doug Anderson following Muskegon County Planning Commission sketch

Artist's sketch above shows how sewage from Muskegon County communities will be piped away from lakes and taken inland to fertilize now barren but potentially profitable sand-dune country. Lower piping system covers Muskegon and Mona Lakes; upper system covers White Lake. The entire collection and irrigation network is designated in color.

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Environmental pollution has acquired an entirely new dimension — noise. Here's a prescription for curing it.

LET QUIET BE PUBLIC POLICY

by ROBERT ALEX BARON

From mankind's point of view all machines to which human beings are exposed should be designed for quiet operation. All enclosures in which humans live, work, or play must be designed—or redesigned—to keep out noise intrusion. Stated as a set of principles, the goal of noise abatement should be:

1) The man-made environment is to be adapted to the needs of living creatures, not the reverse.

2) Human considerations are to come before economic considerations.

3) Noise exposure is to be in moderation. Undue stress on physiological and psychological processes is not to be tolerated.

4) Machines, like well-mannered children and servants, are to be seen and not heard.

5) Noise abatement is to be recognized as an ideal, a point of orientation in decision-making. Like democracy, the ideal may never be achievable, but it is to create a framework in which society can function for the best interests of man as a social and political animal.

Once noise abatement *in the human interest* is adopted as policy, the details will fall into place. The first step in that direction is to erase all preconceived notions of who is responsible for what, and the narrow view that only specialists have the basic answers to human problems. The President of the United States should appoint a blue-ribbon panel to investigate the entire sphere of occupational noise, and its members should not be connected in any way with industry or the military. We must put an end to the tyranny of the "expert." It is for the public to determine the goals for a quieter environment.

The federal government should convene a National Congress of Parties of Interest. The three elements of this congress would be government, the public, and commerce and industry. After basic preparation, each of the three groups should convene separately to hammer out the details.

Government, on its part, should convene a National Congress of Governments. At this meeting the three levels of government—local, state, and federal—would thrash out an overall program for noise abatement. The details of guidelines, codes, enforcement, and research needs would be spelled out and a plan evolved for providing all government units with the necessary testing facilities without unnecessary duplication. A permanent Intergovernment Noise Abatement Council would be established to act as liaison within government, and to represent government at the final Congress of Parties of Interest.

At this ultimate congress all should agree on and adopt a Noise Index. To arrive at it, an arbitrary base line would be developed from an analysis of noise in the natural environment. To this "ideal" would be added increments to account for the unavoidable and for the desirable sounds of living and working together. No sound-producing product or piece of equipment would be allowed into the environment that could destroy the intent of these guidelines. In evaluating the noise emission of a given product, account would be taken of the other noise emissions that would coexist with the product in question. It makes no sense to set a given decibel limit for a single motor vehicle without acknowledging that a highway or a city will be exposed to millions of such vehicles.

No machine would be permitted that as a normal function of its operation destroys sleep, the ability to converse or rest, or that causes repeated abnormal physiological changes within the body.

Common sense will be necessary. A machine that will not operate during the night will not have to be as quiet; by the same token, a machine that operates both day and night will have to be designed to operate as if it always operated at night.

Once government assigns a top priority to noise abatement it must establish a noise abatement function with the responsibility and the authority to oversee all government planning and actions that modify the noise environment. At the present time the various existing agencies are jockeying for control of this field. Fearful of the powers of a central agency, some would prefer to keep noise abatement as a fragmented operation of government. The Federal Council for Science and Technology recommends there be no central mechanism.

Today there is no instrument of government on any level capable of fulfilling the noise abatement function as defined. The answer may be a Department of Ecology. But this remains to be developed after the new ecology is clearly defined. The definition must include man in his artificial environments as well as man in relation to grass, trees, insects, and mountains.

For the immediate future, the U.S. Public Health Service remains the practical answer. It has a pilot program to learn from: the National Air Pollution Control Administration, an agency of the Consumer Protection and Environmental Health Administration of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

A pro-people noise abatement program will be so radical that it will be necessary to train a new corps of noise control experts. We are going to have to teach our engineers the principles of design for quiet.

At the present time the study of noise control is limited to graduate students, either in physics or in engineering. We are going to have to teach noise abatement in the technical high schools. For basic urban monitoring and enforcement, a program on the high school level may be adequate. We turn out automobile mechanics and

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ROBERT ALEX BARON's text here is a preview of his forthcoming book, *The Tyranny of Noise*, which will be published in November by St. Martin's Press. Copyright© by Robert Alex Baron.

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radio and TV repairmen in our high schools; there is no reason why we cannot train noise control technicians at that level.

Courses of instruction should include traditional decibel techniques plus lectures on the purpose of man and government, the social sources of noise, and the ecological consequences.

Regulatory officials, planners, department heads, highway design and transportation officials should graduate from this program with a belief that the city should not remain what Lewis Mumford calls a "tyrannopolis." An esprit de corps should be developed in this student body, a sense of dedication to a cause almost as exciting as space exploration and much more difficult to pursue. Once dispersed to their duties, the men working in the government sector should be encouraged in their loyalty to the novel objective of putting people first. Regulations should be established to remove any potential for conflict of interest between top policymaking members of regulatory bodies and the industries they regulate.

A corps of noise abatement specialists with a zeal for their work will reduce the need for detailed legislation. They will find it possible to quiet the noisemaker in the absence of an utterly specific law, and to enforce noise abatement law without fireworks. In their attitude of partnership for maximum tranquillity, these men must think of themselves as educators in a new field, not as police.

If the chief sources of excessive noise, such as aircraft, cannot be designed to operate quietly for another fifteen years or so, we must restrict the number of intrusions. Psychoacousticians tell us that annoyance from aircraft noise is the result of a combination of the amount of noise and the number of exposures. The number of flights, especially in the critical early morning and evening hours, must be curtailed.

If the automotive industry forces us to live with existing truck noise levels, then we have no choice but to reduce motor vehicle speeds on highways adjacent to residential and other noise-sensitive areas.

If the construction industry drags its feet, the operating hours for noisy equipment should be reduced each year until the ban is complete.

Acoustic anarchy must not be tolerated. Let *industry* adjust to "acceptability" criteria for a change, and we will discover that it prefers to design quieter products.

The federal government should provide adequate in-house testing facilities. It should fund the expensive laboratories needed by the universities if they are to contribute to developments in architectural and engineering noise control. These research facilities will make it realistic for the scientist to work in the public interest without economic sacrifice. It is unrealistic to expect noise experts to serve as the social conscience of the noisemaker if his contracts are their main source of livelihood.

We must perform multi-mix research to determine the effect of noise when other stresses are present. Such research requires teams of multidisciplinary specialists. We must augment the work of the acoustician and the ear doctor with that of the heart doctor, the neurologist, the psychiatrist. Sociologists, anthropologists, artists, and philosophers should be working with engineers to define the ideal acoustic environment.

The research of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the Department of Defense should be culled for civilian use. That silent submarine engine belongs in our garbage trucks as well. Research into electric and fuel-cell power sources for civilian use must be encouraged. It could provide quieter motors for construction equipment.

There should be extensive research in architectural acoustics. Can buildings be shaped to avoid the canyon-like reverberations typical of streets lined with tall buildings?

If we are to humanize the cost/benefit ratio, we must know the facts of the costs of noise control and the social and other costs of excessive noise. It should no longer be possible for an educated and respected acoustical scientist to tell me with a straight face that to go beyond the state-of-the-art will bankrupt the nation.

If studies show that a given industry cannot afford noise reduction, and the product is necessary, there is no reason why the principle of subsidy couldn't be applied. We subsidize industry for national security. Why not for human security?

Shhh !

Citizens for a Quieter City, a group of Manhattan business and professional leaders cofounded in 1966 by the author of this article, has received a two-year, $300,000 grant from the Ford Foundation for an experimental project to reduce the noise level in a sixty-block area of New York City.

A noise complaint center will be set up in the area, local leaders will be organized, the cooperation of industry and government will be sought, and educational materials will be distributed to inform the public of the health hazards of excess noise and the means of reducing it.

"Actually, we were victims of a land-fill project."

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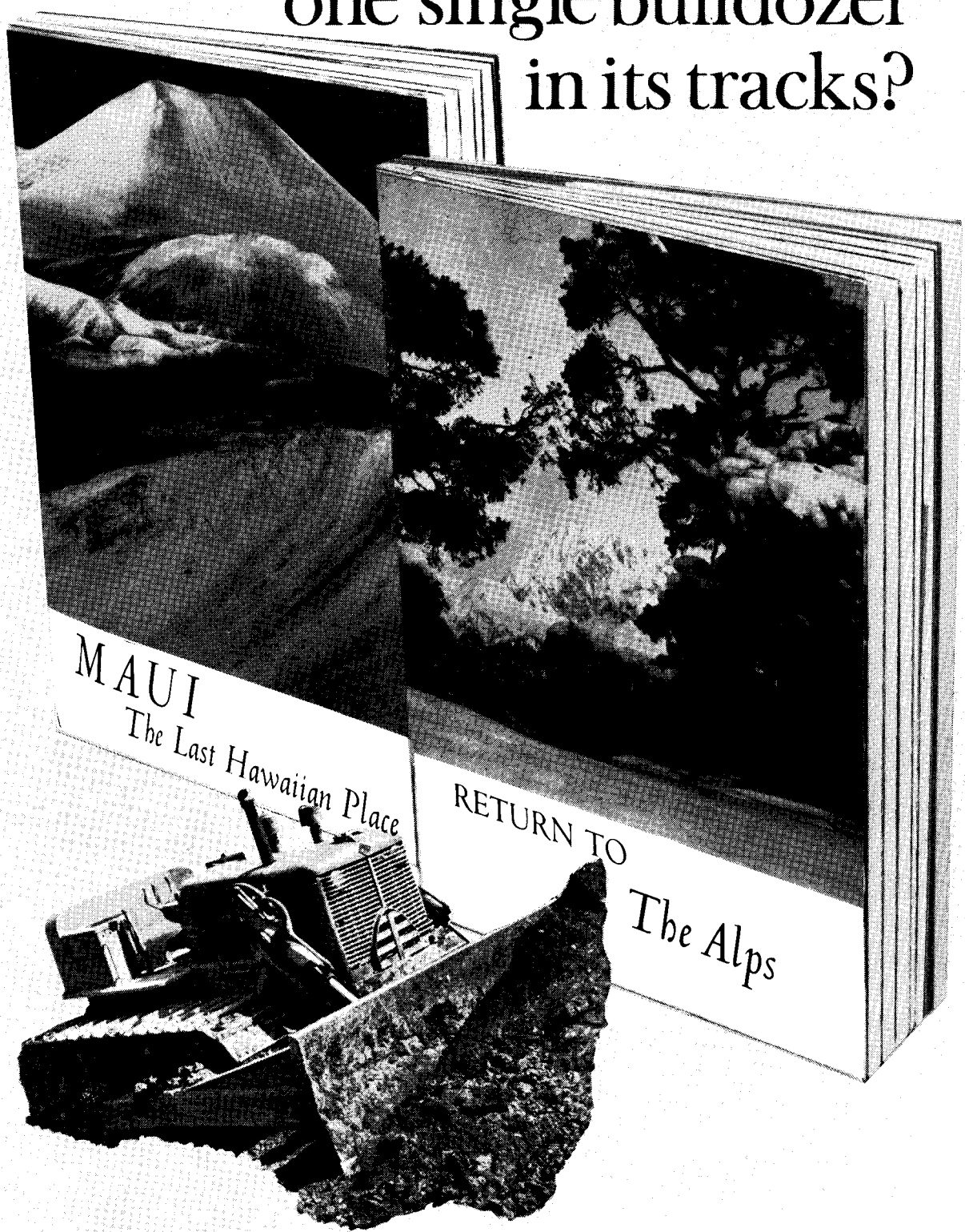
Can books stop one single bulldozer in its tracks?



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The Alps are already being butchered by highway builders and buried under garbage. The unspoiled Hawaiian island of Maui is in immediate danger of being "civilized."

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Text and photographs by Robert Wenkam, introduction by Charles A. Lindbergh.

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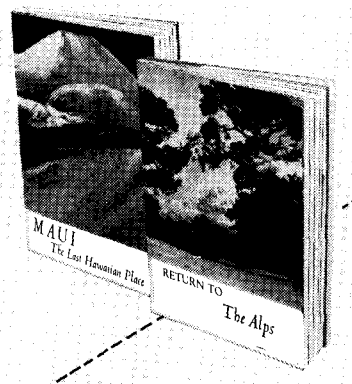

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Earth Watch

World-Wide Environment Notes

Volunteer Smokewatchers

NEW YORK, N.Y.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, there's probably an air pollution violation. The darker the smoke, the more serious the violation. Learning to report smoke signals accurately and completely so their evidence will stand up in court was part of the training recently given a group of volunteers who will assist the city's undermanned force of paid air pollution inspectors.

Forty men and women recruited by Citizens for Clean Air, a civic organization formed in 1965, took New York State's two-day smokewatchers' course, previously given only to official inspectors. The state's Department of Environmental Conservation provided a smoke generating machine to train the volunteers in discerning small differences in smoke shadings. An important part of the program was learning to match smoke colors to similar shades of gray on a graduated chart called the Ringelmann scale.

The city's Department of Air Resources cooperated by briefing the volunteers on municipal laws they would be enforcing and on how to produce valid court evidence.

At the end of the course, the volunteers took a test in smoke differentiation. Twenty-five passed and will be certified.

The newly trained group will make random sightings from their own windows and report violations to regular inspectors, who will issue summonses on the basis of the information. The volunteers will also join mobile teams of paid inspectors that move around the city, concentrating on one area at a time.

If, after a trial period, the number of summonses issued and the number of successful prosecutions increases, more volunteers may be trained.

New York has only about seventy-five regular air pollution inspectors as compared with 200 sanitation inspectors and 1,000 building inspectors.

Pedal Power

CHICAGO, ILL.

ADULT AMERICA is discovering the bicycle. Among the new groups of dedicated cyclists determined to promote their machines as a nonpolluting, inexpensive, and quiet alternative to existing transportation is Bicycle Ecology, with headquarters here and chapters forming in Boston, Washington, Cleveland, Los Angeles, and Portland, Oregon.

To dramatize their demands for protected bicycle lanes on city streets and for parking spaces downtown, the headquarters chapter staged a rally in the Loop on October 3. An estimated 1,500 to 2,000 enthusiastic riders of all ages braved a stiff north wind and temperatures in the 40s to wheel down major arteries to the Civic Center, where speeches extolled the bicycle as good for the individual and for the environment.

Alderman William Singer two weeks later introduced a resolution in the City Council requesting establishment of bicycle lanes throughout Chicago and the installation of bicycle racks in all city-owned parking facilities.

In New York, a group called Bike for a Better City had organized a bike-to-work ride down Fifth Avenue and lower Broadway in mid-September to demonstrate that the bicycle can be used for local commuting. About 1,000 cyclists, including Mayor John Lindsay, showed up.

New York City's Transportation Administration says it is currently estimating the demand for bicycle lanes and studying what streets would be best suited for them.

"Sales are booming," said a gleeful spokesman for the Bicycle Institute of America. "Bicycling is in."

–Chicago Tribune

Bicycle Ecology—on the move.

Made-to-Order Environments

MADISON, WIS.

A LABORATORY that can duplicate simultaneously a wide range of climatic conditions—the dry heat of a desert, the steamy humidity of a rain forest, the subzero cold of the far north—has been dedicated at the University of Wisconsin.

Known as the Biotron, the $5-million, three-story building houses forty-eight computer-controlled rooms of different sizes, where, in addition to temperature and humidity, such variables as light, wind, noise, and the quality of the air can be manipulated at will. The research being conducted focuses largely on the response of individual land animals and plants to given situations.

By enabling scientists to duplicate any desired environmental condition, the laboratory is expected to help improve the quality of biological research.

River Rescue

ORONO, MAINE.

THE FORD FOUNDATION has made a two-year, $79,000 grant to the University of Maine to conduct research on ways to revive the Penobscot, the state's largest river. Once famous for its 60,000 salmon and the clam beds at its mouth, the river was clean enough to serve as a municipal water source. But years of industrial dumping, primarily by pulp and paper companies, have killed the salmon, polluted the clam flats, and made the water unfit for municipal use.

Four state agencies are presently concerned with the 200-mile river, but they lack research personnel. The university's newly organized Environmental Studies Center will supply an interdisciplinary research staff of faculty and graduate students to work with the agencies in formulating a cleanup program.

Two current situations are certain to attract attention: The Penobscot has only one water treatment plant along its entire length, and, although the river is a public resource, no one is in charge.

Pollution Inventory

WASHINGTON.

AFTER YEARS of discussion, the federal government is finally scheduled to launch a national inventory of industrial wastes to find out who's putting what into the country's waterways and where. The information is deemed essential for the success of water pollution control programs.

Under prodding from Representa-

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tive Henry Reuss of Wisconsin, the Federal Water Quality Administration has prepared a comprehensive questionnaire that will go out first to a sampling of 250 representative industries in various parts of the country. The data will be evaluated, and a second mailing to many thousands of plants will then follow.

Information requested by the FWQA includes chemical content of effluent discharged, description of discharge points, and current methods of treating wastes. The water administration has stated that it plans to make public the names of polluters.

The FWQA has no authority to require answers to its questionnaire. However, if industry fails to respond voluntarily, the failure will be publicized for the information of Congressmen who may wish to introduce compulsory legislation.

Antipollution Blitz

BONN.

CHANCELLOR WILLY BRANDT has put West Germany's environment on the critical list. In response, the Cabinet has agreed to the following emergency measures to fight water and air pollution:

- 5,000 water purification plants to be built at an estimated cost of $10-billion;
- legislation to compel gasoline manufacturers to reduce the lead content of motor vehicle fuels from the present average level of twenty grams a gallon to sixteen grams a gallon by April 1972;
- forty to fifty research stations for the continuing measurement of air pollution, to be organized in twelve major population centers.

In addition, the government is considering a ban on the use of DDT and other long-lasting pesticides, and has earmarked $12-million for research into the ecological effects of still other insecticides.

As another part of the cleanup drive, the Interior Ministry is preparing a comprehensive long-range program entitled "Protection of the Environment" to be presented to the Parliament next summer. Among other matters, the program will propose remedies for inadequate garbage disposal and ways to combat noise pollution.

Cautious Industrialization

SALVADOR, BRAZIL.

THIS COASTAL CITY, founded in 1549, is out to show the world that it can keep up with the twentieth century. Without marring its natural beauty, Salvador hopes to become a leader in Brazilian industry.

In a move to relieve the festering poverty of the region, a 168-square-mile industrial park ten miles northwest of the city was begun four years ago by the state government. From the start, the planners were determined to preserve the ecology of the area.

Land use has been strictly zoned. Trees have been saved from the bulldozers. Antipollution devices are required in all smokestacks. Treatment plants are being built to handle industrial wastes. And part of the total investment is earmarked for replanting grass in cleared areas.

So far, two smelters, a cement plant, and eighteen other light and heavy industrial plants have been built on carefully selected sites swept by trade winds. One hundred and fifteen additional projects—including a steel plant, a petrochemical plant, and copper and aluminum smelters—are scheduled over the next twenty years.

To date, Salvador has survived unimpaired. Whether it can continue to do so remains to be shown. The local planners are aware of the risks. "Our planning is the result of observations all over the world," said the director of the industrial park. "Where machines have tended to suffocate men, we wanted men to be more important than machines."

The Seven-Year Switch

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

IN 1963, plans to tame the 1,600-mile-long Nelson River in northern Manitoba to produce cheap electric power for the province were assessed in terms of dollars alone. Estimated cost: $1-billion. In 1970, when the same plans were reassessed, this time in terms of human dislocation and environmental damage as well as in dollars, it was no longer possible to estimate the cost. The plans have therefore been changed.

At issue was the flooding of Southern Indian Lake, some 500 miles north of the provincial capital, Winnipeg, to serve as a reservoir, and the diversion southward into the Nelson River of the Churchill, which now flows north from the lake into Hudson Bay.

The proposal to raise the level of the lake by thirty-five feet would have forced the relocation of the surrounding area's only inhabitants, about 600 self-sufficient Indians and métis (Indian French-Canadian half-breeds). Fish and wildlife would have been displaced, and hundreds of square miles of timberland destroyed.

In 1963, no one seemed to care. But by the time of the last provincial election in June 1969, the fate of the lake and the Indians had become a hot political issue. The then ruling Conservative administration, which, among other controversial stands, endorsed the high-level flooding, was defeated at the polls.

The victorious New Democratic Party (socialists akin to the social democrats of Sweden, despite the name), also committed to developing cheap power for the province, has sought acceptable alternatives. In September, it assured the Indians that if the level of Southern Indian Lake is raised at all, they will not be required to relocate. The new government also announced Manitoba's increasing power needs will be met "with no damage to the environment."

—SALLY LINDSAY.

—Brazilian Govt. Trade Bureau

Salvador's goal—the benefits of industry without the bane of pollution.

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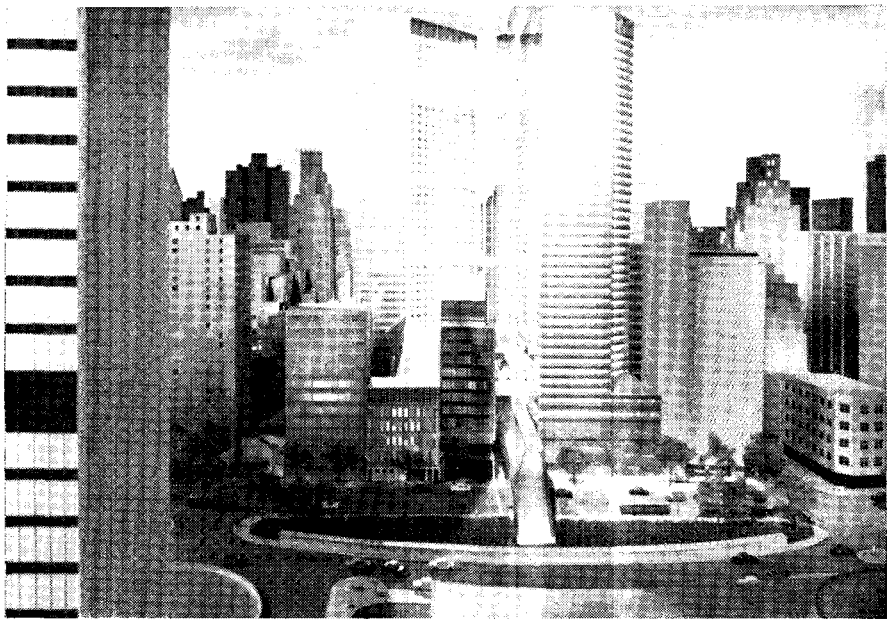


Kevin Roche's United Nations addition—a high glass-roofed court.

HUMANIZING THE CITIES

The current work of three leading architects shows a new social awareness and freedom from "isms."

by WOLF VON ECKARDT

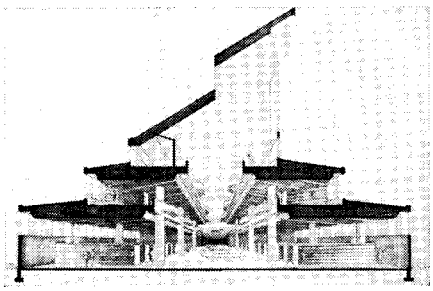
The current work of Philip Johnson, Kevin Roche, and Paul Rudolph, on display at the Museum of Modern Art in New York until January 3, gives a good indication, I think, of the kind of architecture we can expect when America starts moving and building again.

It will be essentially a sober architecture, closer in spirit to Mies van der Rohe and the functionalist precepts of the early modern movement than to Le Corbusier and the arty, abstract expressionism that came into vogue at mid-century. What sobered it, of course, is a renewed social awareness and sense of responsibility for the much talked about urban environment. Rational, structurally simple design, it seems, is more apt than contrived complexity to produce pleasant cities.

Which is not to say that we are back to turning homes into glass cubes and streets into crevasses to assert our faith in the virtues of the machine age. That faith is shaken. We may be returning, however, to the faith of the modern pioneers in a marriage of art and technology that can make the machine age more human.

That, of course, is the credo which Philip Johnson helped propagate in this country, first as a critic and curator of architecture at the Museum of Modern Art and later as an architect. He began more Miesian than Mies until, with romantic flair, he defected to pursue his very own, very elegant eclecticism. Now we see in this show that he has returned to the Miesian idiom of pure, disciplined structure. But, with his own romantic flair, he uses this idiom to create new urban designs rather than just buildings.

Perhaps the most ambitious of these designs is the proposed New York University "campus." Without destroying existing buildings, it would transform three blocks of streets between Washington Square and Broadway into a glass-covered, festive, bustling "galleria." For it, Johnson conceives office buildings, or rather building complexes that assume bold, angular shapes on the skyline and extend themselves on the ground to enclose whole streets and plazas. They blur the distinction between the single, private building and its surrounding public spaces. And they also blur the distinction between indoors and outdoors. Streets become building lobbies and plazas become halls, offering a new urban experience and delight.



Paul Rudolph's Niagara Falls Library—giant clerestory windows.

Some of this excitement is sensed at Kevin Roche's Ford Foundation headquarters on New York's 42nd Street. It incorporates a huge garden court within the building. Roche started with Eero Saarinen in 1950, at the time when Saarinen, too, renounced Miesian classicism in favor of romantic pursuits. Roche is still a romantic. I would call him a "romantic functionalist." More than any of the others, he has become an architect of environment rather than of buildings.

Roche's Oakland Museum, for instance, is tucked under garden terraces to give people green open spaces as well as art and education. His Cummins Engine manufacturing plant in Indiana is mostly underground, so as to be less conspicuous in the landscape. To make the United Nations Development Project less conspicuous in the New York cityscape, Roche would use three glass-walled, forty-story buildings with a glass-roofed plaza of equal height between them to reflect and thus deflect the surrounding world.

Paul Rudolph started with Gropius at Harvard, but achieved his fame as one of the rebels against the International Style. It now seems that his almost quixotic, ponderous sculptures, such as the Yale Art and Architecture Building, were only an exploratory detour in his career. In any event, his recent buildings—notably a library for the city of Niagara Falls and various housing projects—address themselves clearly, yet most eloquently, to their social purpose. Rudolph's Graphic Arts Center Project, which makes ingenious use of housing units produced in mobile home factories, is as artistically satisfying as it is technically promising.

The reason Arthur Drexler, who arranged the Museum of Modern Art exhibit, gives for putting these three architects into one show is that they "are making major contributions to the American scene." The implication is that now that the great masters are gone, Philip Johnson, Kevin Roche, and Paul Rudolph are the new leaders. They probably are. But they are not leading architecture into the prison of another new style or ism. They intend, on the contrary, to free it (as Walter Gropius put it about the Bauhaus half a century ago) from style, system, or dogma, so that in the end architectural design becomes an attitude that tackles each problem according to its own peculiar conditions and becomes a projection of life.

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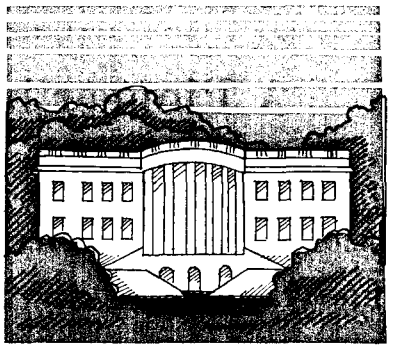
DODGING THE CRISIS



The President's Council on Environmental Quality is limited by its White House setting. Its first annual report dramatizes the weakness.

by PAUL R. EHRLICH and JOHN P. HOLDREN

The inadequacy of the present system of supplying scientific advice to the President of the United States has once again been drawn to our attention by the publication of the first annual report of the Council on Environmental Quality (CEQ). In an age when the most significant problems of mankind lie in areas studied by ecologists and behavioral scientists, the President still employs physicists and electrical engineers as his chief science advisers. As a result, the true magnitude of the environmental crisis has not been communicated to the President.

Unfortunately, the CEQ was established in the Executive office of the President, where it is roughly on a par with the Council of Economic Advisers. U.S. Senator Henry M. Jackson of Washington originally proposed an independent CEQ but was forced into a compromise to avoid a Presidential veto of the entire concept. Hopes that the CEQ would be broadly effective were further dimmed when the President made the appalling mistake of not appointing an ecologist to it, even though CEQ is to deal almost exclusively with ecological problems.

The limitations of the CEQ, especially its enforced loyalty to the President, are absolutely clear in its first annual report. The report is a compilation of environmental problems of the sort that might be constructed by tacking together a series of poor undergraduate term papers. It asks penetrating questions such as, "Is pollution directly related to population or to land use or to resources?" It contains clever observations: "Water pollution caused by a specific source may affect an entire ecosystem. But enforcement action must be taken against the particular source, not against the ecosystem." And it notes that, "Resources for combating environmental blight and decay are limited."

One can hardly find fault with the last point—the CEQ itself was given the pathetic amount of $800,000 for 1970, and in August 1970 its appropriation of $1,450,000 for 1971 was cut to $1-million by a House-Senate conference committee. But the report loyally goes into the priorities for using inadequate resources. As an arm of the President, CEQ can issue no clarion call for American society, which wastes at least $40-billion a year on military nonsense, to put a few billion into saving society's hide. Indeed, the whole tenor of the report is in the relaxing style we have come to associate with the Nixon administration. It lists many of our problems, but in most cases either implies they are well in hand or will soon be put right with further research and/or monitoring.

It must be said on the report's behalf that the table of contents provides a reasonably comprehensive and well-organized list of the topics which *should* have been covered. It is the discussions inside which are so disappointing. The entire treatment of energy consumption, for example, is a collection of conventional wisdom which avoids the real issue—that we must grapple with means of moderating demand rather than blindly seeking ways to increase the supply. A similarly shallow treatment is that of water pollution from municipal sources. There the CEQ naturally applauds President Nixon's program while failing to make clear why the secondary treatment plants he has advocated are wholly inadequate. (Water treated in this way is unsuitable for recreation, irrigation of food crops, or even industrial use, and it is laced with the phosphates and nitrates implicated in eutrophication.) Other equivocal and misleading sections include those on thermal pollution (the roots of this ineradicable problem in the laws of thermodynamics are not even mentioned) and radiation (where the dimensions and implications of the present controversy over standards are skillfully glossed over).

One of the weakest aspects of the report is its handling of the intimate relationship between population growth and environmental problems. Certainly, it alludes to "profound implications" of continued growth in a nation with less than 6 per cent of the world's population now using "more than 40 per cent of the world's scarce or nonreplaceable resources." Yet on the same page it discusses the "vastness" of the U.S.A. and its "impressive" potential for assimilating population. Elsewhere, it contends that "mushrooming population growth doesn't necessarily mean more polluted air and water," implying that enough application of technology can clean up our mess. This is a doubtful thesis on biological grounds and a preposterous one when socio-economic factors are considered. A *quantitative* assessment of the role of population growth in environmental deterioration should have been one of the CEQ's principal tasks, yet the interested reader will search the annual report for such an analysis in vain.

In spite of the shortcomings of the report, one can hope that the CEQ will serve to put behind-the-scenes pressure on the President (although rumor has it that CEQ usually confronts John Ehrlichman rather than Richard Nixon). The new anti-ocean dumping report indicated that some progress has been made, and the resistance of the CEQ to the SST may eventually turn the tide against that technological circus.

In the meantime, all citizens can help by demanding that the President order publication of the opinions of the CEQ about proposed environmental actions by other governmental agencies. The CEQ is required by law to review such proposed actions and react to them. We can also insist that the President see to it that biologists and behavioral scientists are strongly represented on the staff that aids the CEQ in its evaluations.

Perhaps the greatest contribution of the CEQ will be to highlight—through its helplessness—the utter inadequacy of current governmental organization and leadership for the tasks that confront us. Until there are massive changes in these areas, the CEQ may at least serve as a slight retardant in our plunge towards ecocatastrophe.

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A Pioneer in Conservation

GIFFORD PINCHOT: PUBLIC AND PRIVATE FORESTER

by Harold T. Pinkett

University of Illinois Press, 167 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Peter Borrelli

TEDDY ROOSEVELT and Gifford Pinchot were the best one-two punch conservation ever had. A distinguished line of statesmen, mountain men, poets, and naturalists had anticipated their concern for the preservation and systematic use of America's natural resources, but T. R. and G. P. possessed both the vision and the political power to act. And, as history shows, those two qualities make a winning combination.

For Roosevelt, the issue was largely political, precipitated by the activities of the Robber Barons, whose greed and destruction ran counter to the democratic idea. With democratic license they had, he observed, triggered "a riot of individualistic materialism, under which complete freedom for the individual . . . turned out in practice to mean perfect freedom for the strong to wrong the weak."

Few chapters in the history of westward expansion and development illustrate that lesson as dramatically as the great forest raids of the last century. In the beginning there were 850 million acres of virgin forest. By 1920 all but one-fifth of that land had felt the woodman's ax. The rapacious consumption of the timber barons was staggering.

In the vanguard of those having any idea of how to save what was left of America was Gifford Pinchot, the nation's first professionally trained forester. A well-born Connecticut Yankee, Pinchot attended Phillips Exeter Academy and Yale before traveling to France to study silviculture. On his return, he toured the back country of the South and West, comparing his observations of European forestry practices with the needs of the American forests. Later he served as consultant to the state of New York and managed George Vanderbilt's famous Biltmore Estate in the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina.

The general purpose of Pinchot's early work was to develop methods of efficient and profitable timber production. Forest preservation, he learned, was not incompatible with the profitable use of forests. And he soon proved this by encouraging selective cutting and by thinning forests of dead and diseased wood, scrub growth, and mature trees. He established the principle of constant annual yield and instructed the forest crews at Biltmore in methods of cutting trees without destroying the forests.

Then, in 1898, Pinchot was appointed chief forester of the United States and headed an information service for landowners interested in his new forestry techniques.

With that background, it was only natural that Roosevelt selected Pinchot as his chief conservation adviser when T. R. assumed the Presidency in 1901. Although Roosevelt's conservation credentials were in order, Pinchot was his guiding light and eventually his confidant in a wide range of high-policy matters.

Stewart Udall called Pinchot a "magnificent bureaucrat," for it was in Washington that his talents as a scientist, publicist, and politician blossomed. He followed the lead of his chief, gently but persuasively selling his own ideas about conservation and forest management up and down Capitol Hill. He arranged conferences and legislation, and before he was through 132 million acres of forest land had been declared a public domain to be set aside and scientifically managed as national forests.

Harold T. Pinkett, deputy director of the Records Appraisal Division of the National Archives, documents Pinchot's career as both a private and public forester in great detail and with far more accuracy than previous works —including Pinchot's autobiography, *Breaking New Ground*. But since Mr. Pinkett's primary sources are government documents, his work is afflicted with the prose and praise of bureaucrats. The flavor and excitement of the Roosevelt era are missing, as is a sense of the aura and controversy that surrounded the Forest Service, which during Pinchot's administration was full of moxie.

Although the author very thoroughly describes Pinchot's eventual falling out with President Taft over the permissive policies of the President's Interior Secretary, Richard Ballinger, he fails to dramatize Pinchot's more significant clash with other conservationists.

—*Brown Brothers*

Pinchot—"a magnificent bureaucrat"—saved millions of acres of forest land.

Pinchot believed that scientific forestry should be practiced on *all* forest lands. He considered scenic preservation and the natural wilderness to be of secondary importance; "forever wild" meant to him forever mismanaged. When in 1894 the state of New York prohibited cutting from its State Forest Preserve (as much a reaction to earlier logging practices as a move to preserve a portion of forest land in its natural state for the spiritual and recreational enjoyment of future generations), Pinchot lamented that New York had "vetoed forestry."

Ten years later, Pinchot became embroiled in a bitter controversy over a portion of Yosemite Valley. His chief opponent and long-time friend, John Muir, founder of the Sierra Club, took issue with Pinchot's conservation-for-use theories. A battle royal ensued. Muir lost the battle, though not the war.

For many today, though possibly not for the author, Pinchot's insistence that unused land is waste land has diminished his historical importance. But, although a more balanced land policy is now in vogue, those same critics would be the first to acknowledge that, were it not for Pinchot—a truly magnificent bureaucrat—the issue would no longer be even relevant.

Peter Borrelli, former Time magazine correspondent, is the Eastern conservation representative of the Sierra Club.

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Letters to the Environment Editor

Whose Inaccuracy?

WE READ with interest the article "Danger of Cancer in Food" by Jean Carper [*SR*, Sept. 5], especially that portion relating to an Associated Press dispatch on DES residues.

While we always welcome a review of AP articles, we wanted to point out that two paragraphs of Miss Carper's article left the unfortunate impression that the AP dispatch was inaccurate when it was not.

For example, she writes: "When I asked Dr. Harold Trabosh, a USDA staff officer assigned to the DES inspection program, to confirm or deny the AP story, Trabosh replied that the AP figures were not entirely accurate." She then recites the figures Trabosh gave her and notes: "Whatever inaccuracies there may have been in the AP data were not substantial."

Miss Carper seems to be trying to give AP the benefit of the doubt with this last sentence. We appreciate that, but—to repeat—AP was *not* inaccurate at all.

It should have been obvious to Miss Carper that the Agriculture Department was putting out two different sets of figures on DES residues. One set was cited, with clear and complete attribution, in our story. The other set was cited by Dr. Trabosh.

In Miss Carper's brief telephone contact with AP reporter John Lang, we told her we would be happy to let her see the letter the Agriculture Department sent to Senator Proxmire giving the residue levels we quoted.

She did not follow up on this opportunity, and then compounded the situation by the unfortunate wording: "Whatever inaccuracies there may have been in the AP data. . . ." A more accurate wording would have been: "Whatever inaccuracies there may have been in the two sets of figures quoted by the Agriculture Department were not substantial."

The figures in the AP story were not "AP data." They were Agriculture Department figures quoted in an AP story.

Miss Carper went on to say: "Whether AP was correct in reporting that use of DES had been outlawed in cattle as well as in poultry in Switzerland, France, and the Netherlands, I could not confirm."

We obtained our information from the embassies of the respective countries. If Miss Carper had asked, we would have told her the source of our information. In any event, we think in fairness she should have said to what lengths she went in attempting to confirm this section in the AP story.

Thank you for the opportunity to straighten out the erroneous impression left by the unfortunate wording of a few paragraphs of an otherwise comprehensive and most readable account on a timely issue.

MARVIN ARROWSMITH,
Chief of Bureau,
The Associated Press,
Washington, D.C.

Miss Carper replies: "I regret that anyone drew from my story any inference that AP reporting was inaccurate. My only purpose in quoting AP was to give full credit to the reporters who dug up the information in the AP dispatch. Obviously, the U.S. Department of Agriculture did give out two sets of figures, one to me and one to Senator Proxmire, which AP quoted. I now understand that in a subsequent letter to Mr. Arrowsmith, Harold R. Lewis, director of information for the Department of Agriculture, apologized for the error. Wrote Lewis: 'We regret any unfavorable reflection that might have been cast on AP from our release of seemingly conflicting sets of figures, but we think a careful reading of the *Saturday Review* article would reveal that we made the error, not the Associated Press.'"

Dallas Goes Vertical

WOLF VON ECKARDT'S "People, Yes; Cars, No" [*SR*, Oct. 3] is a well-written and informative piece. I suggest that he investigate some other plans for the strengthening of downtown areas. An example is Dallas's Main Place complex, which embraces the concept of separation of conflicting forms of traffic. Automobiles are not eliminated but relegated to a separate level away from pedestrian levels. The pedestrian levels are primarily below street with occasional entries to open plazas and fountain areas. Dallas has been moving in the direction of vertical use of real estate since its adoption of a master plan drawn by the eminent Vincent Ponte. The purposes described in Von Eckardt's article are being accomplished here without closing streets.

AUSTIN L. LEWIS, JR.,
Dallas, Texas Corporation,
Dallas, Tex.

Population Debate

PAUL R. EHRLICH AND JOHN P. HOLDREN in their article "Deceptive Birth Rates" [*SR*, Oct. 3] are correct in their observations concerning superficial notations now being made in the media regarding declines in national reproductivity. However, even their article needs additional detail. When they observe that the United States is "an already overpopulated country," it is fair to ask that this statement be modified to read "in the opinion of some, an already overpopulated country." After all, there are demographers with equally impeccable credentials who disagree violently on the state of overpopulation, and who believe that distribution will be the basic problem in any foreseeable future.

It is correct to observe that once the net reproductive rate reaches unity, "there is no guarantee that it will remain there." The rate may go higher or it may go lower. We are a Western nation, one that has amply demonstrated an ability to overdo just about everything that could be overdone. We may outperform the fifteen Western countries who have already reduced their birth rates to levels below our own.

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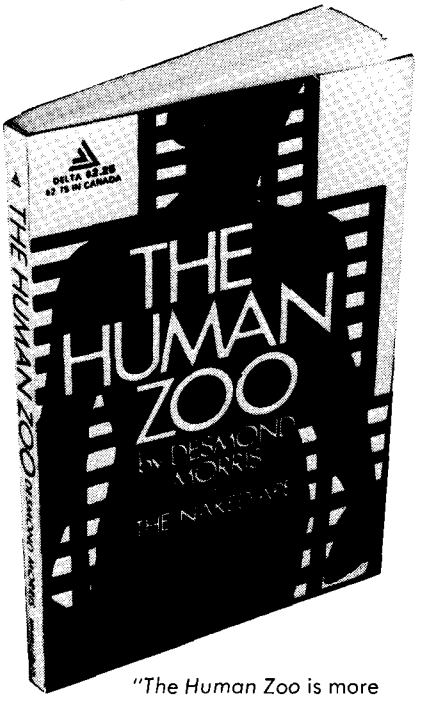

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must draw upon the individual wisdoms of many disciplines, and there must be room in this debate for the economist and the geopolitician, both of whom are capable of appreciating fully the dimensions of ecology and pollution.

SR speaks to many people drawn from varied levels of background knowledge. For those unsophisticated in matters demographic, Ehrlich and Holdren to a degree have been less than fully responsible and professional and excusable (to use their own adjectives) in their description of the demographic facts facing us in the next decade.

It is true that an increasing number of the twenty- to twenty-nine-year age cohort is about to reproduce. Their numbers will increase by 28 per cent in seven years. Full disclosure, however, would have mentioned that this cohort may well be the last one in our history with any chance at generational replication. Its numbers may well be countered by other statistically documentable parameters:

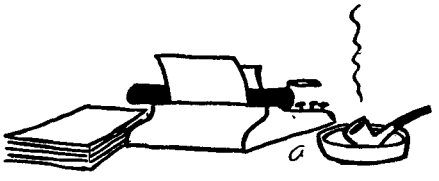
Members of this cohort will marry slightly later. They will bear their first child later. Fewer of them will marry. More of them will elect lifetime childlessness. They will have to account for a greater ratio of the reproductive activity of the whole fifteen- to forty-five-year age cohort, because they will get an increasingly smaller amount of help from the fifteen- to nineteen-year, thirty- to thirty-four-year, thirty-five- to thirty-nine-year, and forty- to forty-five year cohorts.

All cohorts under age thirty-five are achieving a greater median number of schooling years. Fertility decreases as the level of a woman's education increases.

The Census Bureau recently reported that the numbers of our children under five years of age per 1,000 women has fallen 26 per cent in the last decade, and that the rate of decline reached 6 per cent in the last year. Not only is the decline continuing; the rate of decline is accelerating. The decline is certain to be slowed in the coming decade, perhaps even stabilized, but there is at present little evidence to suggest that it will be reversed, or that if reversed the reversal will be any more than a spasmodic rally in a bear market that started a century and a half ago.

The Census Bureau, without saying so in words, has published figures implicitly admitting it overestimated all those paramcters that in operation tend to engender fertility and underestimated those that tend to lower national fertility. If one truism is emerging from the argumental fog about the liberalization of abortion in the United States, it is this: If there is any evidence that population pressures necessitate abortion in this country, that evidence is not based on any statistics currently being published by the Census Bureau.

JAMES J. DIAMOND, M.D.,
Reading, Pa.



World of Dance

Continued from page 58

tive and valuable dramatic ballet that fuses modern dance with classical ballet, intense drama with lyricism. It was created originally for a modern dance company headed by Emily Frankel and Mark Ryder and from there went into the repertory of the New York City Ballet, with Melissa Hayden and Jacques d'Amboise making tremendous impact as the rejected girl and the stalwart suitor. The Joffrey company does it beautifully, and in the cast I saw, Pamela Johnson was appealing as the girl and Dennis Wayne virile, tender, gently urgent as the youth. The less said about Bolender's *Time Cycle* (Lukas Foss), pretentious and boring, the better.

A brand new work of the season was a stunning rock ballet, *Trinity*, choreographed by Gerald Arpino, the company's chief choreographer, to music of Alan Ralph and Lee Holdridge involving the Virgin Wool Rock Group plus orchestra and organ. Its three sections—"Sunday," "Summerland," "Saturday"—add up to a thoroughly delightful ballet that is "in" with the teen-ager and not too far "out" for the senior citizens. It's fast and it's fun and it interweaves ballet and rock skillfully.

Off-Broadway, in the pleasant auditorium of the Fashion Institute of Technology, the Mary Anthony Dance Theatre gave a program of five works by Miss Anthony and a duet excerpt from the late Lester Horton's *To José Clemente Orozco*, beautifully reconstructed by one of Horton's alumni, James Truitte. As for Miss Anthony, she was represented by her most famous creation, *Threnody* (based on Synge's *Riders to the Sea*), and dances that were brand new or new to New York.

Of her novelties, a work in two parts was the only offering of any real substance, and much of the substance came from the performing.

The two parts, separated by an intermission, were *In the Beginning I, Adam* and *In the Beginning II, Eve*. Ross Parkes, with a body that might well have inspired Michelangelo, was the Adam in both and danced superbly the moods attached to wonderment, curious investigation, fear, and the confronting of the enormity of life in isolation. In the duet, he conveyed the sweetnesses of proximity with a mortal, a woman. Yuriko Kimura was utterly enchanting as the woman, but Parkes was first, as is appropriate, since Adam (if Women's Lib will forgive me) also came first, biblically anyhow.

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(Continued on page 80)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 79)

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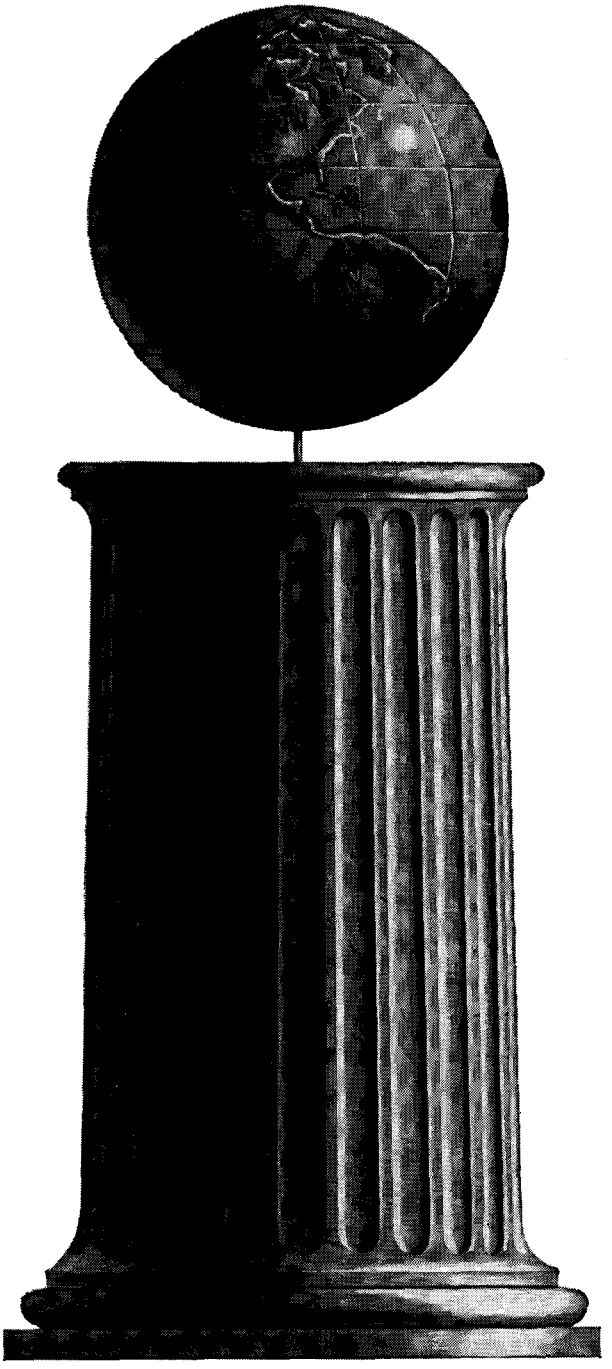

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1909

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Great naval battle, May 31-June 1, 1916	88 114 120 213 117 11 18
B. Training	26 54 58 77 94 115 130 142 144
C. Disputes, esp. obstinately about something insignificant	153 174 23 65 177 193 208 39
D. "———, still beginning,/ Fighting still, and still destroying." (2 wds.; Dryden, "Alexander's Feast")	51 89 139 146 160 164 180 27 36 56 74
E. The boatswain "hath no ——— upon him," says Gonzalo. (2 wds., "The Tempest")	99 147 156 12 52 55 66 35 93 102 187 132
F. Depressed (3 wds.)	176 182 194 199 8 20 30 33 60 69
G. What a pawl engages	75 104 128 171 184 188 201
H. Agrees (4 wds.)	123 135 140 192 148 209 211 4 7 17 41 53
I. Vent in the breech of an old-time firearm	68 87 78 106 121 126 186 2 10
J. Pool table covering	101 108 143 215 32
K. Use	34 181 42 49 122 136 185 190 205 206
L. Cured and smoked side of pork	21 31 62 80 90 129

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Conversely (4 wds.)	5 38 91 134 157 43 145 167 175 210 14 50 71 110
N. Bearing upon (2 wds.)	45 97 103 112 158 163 191 202 150 127
O. Argentine poet and revolutionary propagandist (1805-51; "La Cautiva")	159 183 203 216 16 98 25 61 76 113
P. The present	118 44 151 212 57 73 116 165
Q. First magnitude star in the constellation Taurus	63 79 119 107 111 1 86 138 162
R. Vulgar, cheap	169 83 154 178 47
S. Wavering	24 96 155 166 70 40 64 197
T. Engages in conversation (current slang; 2 wds.)	82 173 85 172 28 195 198 207
U. Earliest of Rome's great epic poets	13 95 131 170 81 189
V. Make ready	72 67 59 48 37 92 179
W. "To beard the lion in his den,/The Douglas ——?" (3 wds.; Scott, "Marmion")	19 105 29 214 100 152 204 46 84
X. Rise	168 3 124 196 15 9 22 6 109
Y. English saint, tutor of Aethelwulf	149 125 161 133 137 200 141

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

						1 Q	2 I	3 X		4 H	5 M	6 X		7 H	8 F	9 X	10 I							
11 A		12 E	13 U		14 M	15 X	16 O	17 H		18 A	19 W	20 F	21 L	22 X	23 C	24 S	25 O							
26 B	27 D		28 T	29 W	30 F	31 L	32 J		33 F	34 K	35 E	36 D	37 V	38 M	39 C		40 S							
41 H		42 K	43 M	44 P	45 N	46 W	47 R		48 V	49 K	50 M	51 D	52 E	53 H	54 B		55 E							
56 D	57 P	58 B	59 V	60 F	61 O	62 L	63 Q	64 S		65 C	66 E	67 V	68 I	69 F		70 S	71 M							
72 V		73 P	74 D	75 G	76 O	77 B	78 I	79 Q	80 L	81 U	82 T	83 R	84 W		85 T	86 Q	87 I							
88 A	89 D	90 L	91 M	92 V		93 E	94 B	95 U		96 S	97 N	98 O	99 E	100 W		101 J	102 E							
103 N	104 G	105 W	106 I	107 Q		108 J	109 X	110 M		111 Q	112 N	113 O	114 A	115 B	116 P		117 A							
118 P	119 Q		120 A	121 I	122 K	123 H	124 X		125 Y	126 I	127 N		128 G	129 L	130 B	131 U	132 E							
	133 Y	134 M	135 H	136 K		137 Y	138 Q	139 D	140 H		141 Y	142 B		143 J	144 B	145 M	146 D							
147 E	148 H	149 Y	150 N		151 P	152 W	153 C	154 R	155 S	156 E	157 M	158 N	159 O	160 D		161 Y	162 Q							
	163 N	164 D	165 P	166 S	167 M	168 X	169 R	170 U	171 G	172 T		173 T	174 C	175 M		176 F	177 C							
178 R	179 V	180 D		181 K	182 F	183 O	184 G		185 K	186 I	187 E	188 G		189 U	190 K	191 N	192 H							
193 C	194 F	195 T	196 X	197 S		198 T	199 F		200 Y	201 G		202 N	203 O	204 W	205 K		206 K							
207 T	208 C	209 H		210 M	211 H	212 P	213 A	214 W	215 J	216 O														

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 20 of this issue.

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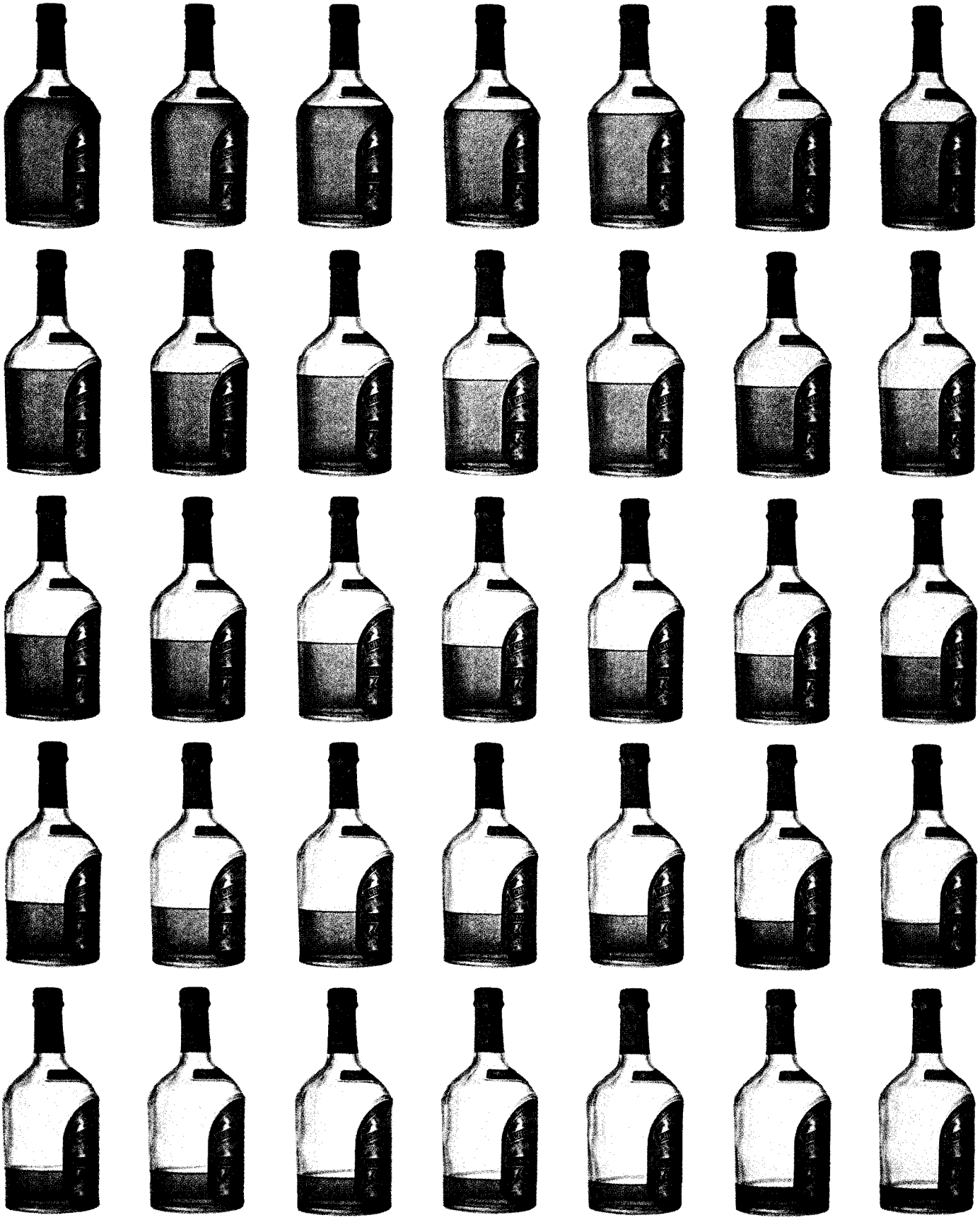

Circle the bottle of Chivas which comes closest to the level of the Chivas in your liquor cabinet.

(You really have quite a memory when it comes to your Chivas, don't you?)

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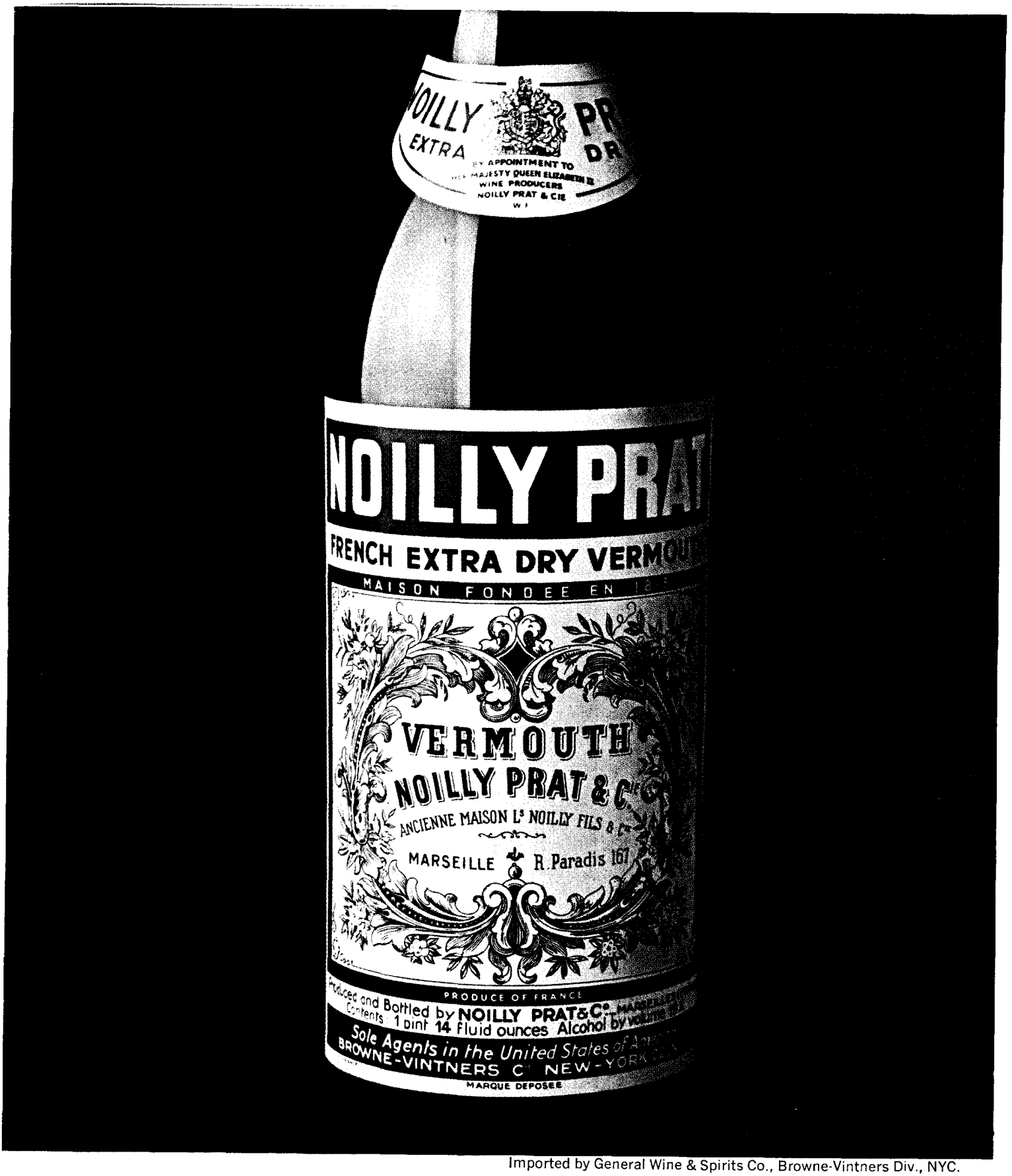
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